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H A R F A N G O N B I R D S .

SECOND PAPER.



A GREAT deal has from time to time been said, sung, and written about birds, and any quantity of quills, plucked from the wings of HEAVEN knows how many geese, have been worn out in this prolific theme. In spite of that, however, we shall attempt another flight.

Another flight most naturally brings us to another story, and, for getting up stares, commend us to the OWL. The owl! most sedate of birds, emblem of wisdom, solemn Solomon! In all other languages than ours, his name is most respectable, and in some even beautiful. Nothing could be more charming, for instance, than his classic cognomen, *ulula*. But owl! — what kind of a term is that with

which to designate a dignified and respectable bird? Even that name was intended probably for 'howl,' but the indignant Cockney who first 'eard 'im 'oot, left off the H, although himself somewhat exasperated. No bird is so belied as is the owl. Most people consider his wisdom an assumption and his solemnity a sham, and some even look upon him as an out-and-out fool. Poets have painted him a moping misanthrope, sitting up in some old tower, towering up in some old city, or else, hermit-like, hiding himself away far from the busy haunts of men in some wild wood. Let us say rather he is a retiring individual, who has an eye for the picturesque, and is a lover of the rural. He is both noble and devotional — a night bird and a bird of prey. His food, like poor Tom's, is 'rats and mice, and such small deer,' varying his regular habits with an occasional 'bat.' You may catch him napping in the day-time, when he is simple, sleepy, and almost stupid; but when de-

clining day gives place to dusk, then he has his eyes about him, and is wide awake. Then it is that he flies forth to forage for his food, or to make astronomical and other observations, such as 'too-whit, too-whoo,' and, rejoicing in the clearness of his vision,

—'WITH obscure wing,
Scouts far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise.'

In this it is, his power of perfect vision in the densest darkness, that he is emblem of that wisdom and that watchfulness which never sleep, and moreover has a pair of eyes that can throw light on the darkest subjects, were they those of Faustin I. himself.

At all events, our own tame owl, Doctor Samuel Johnson — sitting at this moment on his perch — so serious and yet so sensible, not exactly in a brown study, but in our study, seems a very wise bird. He never disturbs our meditations with his 'too-whit, too-whoo,' or what. To speak often seems derogatory to his dignity, and yet sometimes he will unbend, become almost facetious, and seem to open his mouth only to give utterance to wit. Sometimes for hours he watches us with his great staring eyes, as we sit smoking in our solitary sanctum, wrapped in reverie and clouds of smoke, and thronged with thoughts of other days, or dreaming of the days to come. But the Doctor knows that even at such times, when we are under the soul-seducing and sense-stealing influence of our meerschaum, we are sensible enough to keep within the bounds of reason. Ours are not ecstatic, castle-building dreams, that only form fictitious futures; our reveries are retrospections of realities.

Our first acquaintance with the Doctor — bird of wisdom — was on this wise: the interview was somewhat striking, for we knocked the Doctor over with a club. Not long ago, there stood, in the out-skirts of the village, an old brown house, venerable with years. It was a poor affair, yet rich in associations; for it was whilom the domicile where dwelt old Josey. Ah! there have been some great times in that mansion; for there in days gone by, once a week at least, used to meet that crowd of wits who composed the Corax Club. They used to gather in the long winter evenings, and sit around the old-fashioned fire-place, smoking pipes, imbibing ale, and cracking jokes, till the old chimney even roared in unison. Merry is the memory of those meetings; pleasant the recollection of those hours. Antique females, residing in the neighborhood, used to discourse of the 'dreadful goings on' in that old house; but we can testify that the club was as gentlemanly as it was genial, and the record of those days tells of conviviality without debauchery, wit without obscenity, and of mirth mingled with manliness. But it is long ago since the old domicile has been cheerful at night with light and life. For many months it was untenanted, save by a colony of chimney-swallows and a few bats. Josey — may his soul rest in peace! — was dead. The old house stood a monument of departed glory, yet desolate in decay. The owner thereof talked occasionally of pulling it down, or of moving it away; for in his eyes, the old brown house, like the barren fig-tree, cumbered the ground, and the old garden cu-

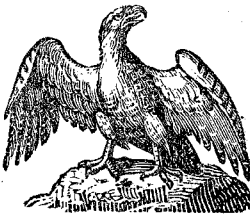
cumbered it. To us, sacred as was the domicile by a thousand dear associations, its destruction would have been a desecration, and to have taken it away from that sweet spot, beneath those trees, would have been a moving sight. Fate gave to it at least a grander destiny in destruction; for one night, not long ago, it was burned to the ground. As with Josey, so with his somewhere domicile; peace to its ashes!

It was on one of those soft and sweet yet sad days of the last autumn, that Felix and I, after sitting all day sedate and studious as usual, late in the afternoon started out on a sauntering stroll. We walked straight through the village, ambo arm in arm, and turned neither to the right hand nor the left. As we passed by, the females rushed to the windows, (to shut the blinds,) and one or two grave citizens looked out from their shop-doors, shook their heads solemnly, and wondered 'What now?' Near the old church we stopped awhile to rest, to watch the crowds of swallows sailing in and out, circling through the air, and to listen to their incessant twitterings from the tower, not inaptly termed by Felix since, on one occasion, as '*peeps* from a belfry.' And then on to the woods. Go into the forest in an afternoon of the autumn-time, when the last long rays of sun-light are glinting through the many-colored leaves, and the vast wood becomes a grand cathedral, rich in illuminated windows, glorious in stained glass, and gorgeous in frescoed walls. We lingered long, and conversed the while, saying many pretty, and, as we conceived, poetical things. Our summer friends, the birds, were very scarce indeed. Now and then a bright-winged oriole, with beauteous blending plumes, would flit across a bar of sun-shine streaming through the trees, and disappear in the deep shade beyond. It was late in the season, and almost all the birds had winged their way already to the South. Only a few remained, and they were busy packing up, preparatory to packing off. The woods are always still in autumn, and through the peculiarly clear atmosphere, a single note, the cat-bird's, or the crow's (that Thane of Cawdor) can be heard almost a mile away. Silent are the woods, and silent are the birds when leaving us; for they are too sad to sing. A few disjointed notes are heard at intervals, but how different from the full, out-gushing, overflowing flood of melody with which they make the forest vocal in the spring.

Wending our way homeward in a meditative mood, we stopped to see the solitude and mourn over the decadence of the ancient domicile of Josey. The old deserted house, once so radiant with joy and life, was now desolate in decay. How many tender thoughts and fragrant memories clung, like the moss and ivy, about those time-tinged walls, while all that they rested on was mouldering away. Where were Poins, and Hal, and all those jovial and warm-hearted friends who used to make the old house shake with their uproarious mirth? Gone! all gone! and with them gone for ever all those bright and blissful hours of youth that were so full of life and health, so rich in hope! We are sure that as we sat on the fence by Josey's, we said many touching things to Felix. Certain are we also that we made a great impression on him; for in the midst of our pathetic peroration, the rail whereon we sat broke down, and there was something of a descent

about that time. When we recovered our equilibrium, we concluded to explore the mansion, and so climbed through a window. We went into the club-room; it was sadly silent; sombre with solemn shadows, and we thought we smelt a rat. All of a sudden we were startled at the sight of two great, golden, fiery, staring eyes, peering at us through the dusk, over the top of a half-open door, as if a demon stood behind. Quick as thought we threw our stick, and the head disappeared. Then we heard a scratching and tremendous fluttering on the floor, and rushing to the spot, found that our demon's head was only an owl, with one wing badly broken. We took him home with us, his wing was set, we tamed and christened him, and from that time forward he has been our companion and our friend. And he is happy, far happier and better off than in the dull old domicile of Josey, where, had he remained, he might have been with it but ashes now. If he were not so sensible as he is, no doubt he would pine for freedom — the freedom of pine-woods; but he knows the pleasures of civilization and a Christian education, and in the sanctum feels as free as does the eagle in his mountain eyrie. Is not that so?

Doctor, (*log.*) Too-whit!



Imperial bird of Jove! the EAGLE! Without doubt there is a great deal too much unnecessary fault-finding in these days, which are very nice sort of days, better than any that have been, and quite as good perhaps as any that are to come; but we confess that we have no patience with people, particularly with poets, who talk about eagles as if they were as common as crows, whereas they are almost as scarce as real poets, than whom nothing can be more rare. As for the rhymers, their name is legion; and we have always thought that the king of poets must have intended one of this sort when he classes him with the lunatic and the lover, and then makes the three fools of one imagination. Certainly there are many persons who insist upon being called poets merely because they can string together at will a few wretched rhymes. We do not quarrel with these harmless people, and if there is a single chord in our whole system that ever vibrates with the lightest breath that touches it, it is sympathy. Poor mad Lear, wandering through the tempest, crowned with a few flowers, and in his hand a sceptre of straw only, was still as much, 'aye, every inch a king,' as when he sat upon his throne. Crazed as he was, he would have been at that time, if he had never had a throne, a king; and so he has our tender pity and our sorrowing sympathy, but not our satire.

What is a poet? One of the lexicographers (so called) who has collected all the English words, (HEAVEN knows how many more,) spelled many of them as they ought not to be, and defined many more so as to designate what they do not mean, utters the following original remark: 'Poet, one who writes poetry,' and a 'poem is a composition in verse.' Shade of Homer! A better definition has been given, that 'a poet is, as one should say, a poet.' It is difficult for us to say sometimes

exactly what things are, when we can readily tell what they are not. All poets write not verse. Splendid minds well versed in prose are prosy enough in verse. Nor need the poet write at all. The Belvidarian Apollo is a great poem — immortal in imperishable marble. Those great old painters have left grand poems on their glowing canvas ; for

—‘ High heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured.’

The mighty men who with Briarean hands piled up the Pyramids, were poets. A soul only truly is poetical that can create a great idea, and then sublimitize it.

‘ Poor poets,’ saith Christopher, ‘ must not meddle with eagles.’ The advice might be considered superfluous ; for there is an antique witticism about the poverty of poets, and with the great majority of them eagles are scarce enough. Most of those scribblers who talk about the king of birds just as if they had the honor of his intimate acquaintance, and met him every day three or four times at the very least, never, in the whole course of their lives, saw more than one of these birds, and that one was some miserable, broken-hearted, draggled specimen, shut up for life in a cage connected with a caravan, and exhibited to gaping country boys, together with perhaps another cage or two of idiotic monkeys, and two or three old bears. What a situation for an eagle ! But it was not the fault of that dethroned bird that he was such a wretched representative of his race. Long ago, when he was but an eaglet, a small boy — some youthful Nestor — had climbed to the lofty rock where the eagles had their home. Fortunate indeed it was for him that the old birds were away, looking no doubt for another boy whom they might bring for supper, for the eagles live high. Presently, after a deal of floundering and fluttering, flapping and fighting, down from ‘ that bad eminence ’ climbs the small boy with scarcely more of clothing left on him than his great ancestor Adam wore in Eden. But beneath his arm he has his prize, the half-fledged eaglet, a struggling mass, bearing a mixed resemblance to Job’s turkey and a Chinese child. From that day, what a wretched life was that young eaglet’s ! ‘ Cribbed ’ first, then cabined with common dung-hill fowls, confined, clipped, tied by one leg to a stake in the corner of the barn-yard ; barked at by the puppy ; derisively crowed over by the Shanghai ; insultingly hissed at by the gander, and leading a most contemptible life generally. No wonder that his spirit died away, and he degenerated from his eagle-hood. Once, however, he showed that he had left in him a little of his royalty. His old enemy, the gander, was waddling in stately dignity across the barn-yard, fancying, no doubt, earth ‘ trembled as he strode,’ and hissing as usual at the eaglet, whom he considered, in comparison with himself, a very flighty bird. To be sure it was only the opinion of a gander, and not by any means of candor, but in this he found that he had gone too far ; for happening to come within the reach of the martyr at the stake, the eaglet seized his tyrant and plunged his talons deep into his body. There was a short convulsive struggle, and the gander, with one expiring hiss, ended his eventful history. The mournful geese stood on one

leg, through two whole rainy days, under an open shed, and refused to be comforted. The eaglet was sold to a peripatetic peddler for a dollar. Better far it would have been for him if, months before, he had been 'dead for a ducat,' for the peddler consigned him to the caravan, and thenceforward he was an helpless, hopeless captive.

But if you would see the eagle in his glory, go where nature is the wildest and most grand, for the king of birds seeks his surroundings in sublimity. Far up upon the mountain-tops he builds his castle-eyrie, and fixes his lofty throne. You may see him sailing on his broad bronze wings over the White Mountains; hovering high in air at Catskill; poised on powerful pinions above Niagara, gazing with steady eye upon the gulf of surging waters, and listening to that awful anthem which was the opening voluntary of the created world, and which will be its funeral dirge; or sitting serenely on the storm-lashed cliffs by the seashore. No other living mortal being has the God-like power of the eagle. What strength of wing, almost annihilating time and space; what terrific power, when like a thunder-bolt, he swoops upon his prey; what length of life; for men are born, grow up to be so strong, and live so many years, but when they are old and bowed with age, and ready to fall into the grave, the eagle is still strong to mount sun-ward far above the clouds and gloom of earth. What a glorious life is his among the mountains; what pride of power to lift himself so far above the world, to fly before the tempest, out-stripping even the storm-driven cloud, and far out at sea he soars,

—'his thunder-baffled wings
Extended in the whirlwind.'

What is the storm to him! His wild exultant scream rises above the tempest, and the mariner, in his stranded ship, can hear the flapping of his pinions like the Death-Angel's wings, more awful than the tempest, more terrible than the storm.

Not long ago, in looking over the *Cockahoopia Gazette*, we read that Mr. John Snizzle, who lives over by the mountain, had shot, on such a day, an eagle. The fact was duly glorified, the dimensions of the bird, ten feet from tip to tip, were given, and so on. We are not over and above sensitive, but we confess that we saw the announcement with more sorrow than we should to have read that Mr. Snizzle had been murdered, his house burned to the ground, and his wife and children carried away into captivity by the Cockahoopian Indians, as might have happened an hundred years ago. Yet he will boast of this deed all his life, and tell his children how one morning, down by the glen, he shot an eagle; whereas he should carry shame in his soul for that transaction to his dying day. Shot an eagle! He might as well have gone over and shot 'Squire Calcart's best hunter; indeed the honest 'Squire himself said, with tears in his eyes, that he would rather he had done so. There was no glory in the deed, for eagles generally keep out of rifle-shot; but this one (the first one in our neighborhood for five years) was gorged with food, too heavy and stupid to fly, and might undoubtedly have been killed with a club. But for all that, Mr. John Snizzle had no more right to shoot him than he had to shoot his own grand-father.

That eagle was State property, and his murder was an outrage on community.

Soon again the time will come when the birds, like those bright hopes that linger with us only in our summer-days, will flee away, and leave us desolate awhile. The mournful autumn-winds will sweep over the sacred spot where stood the domicile of Josey, scatter the ashes of the old mansion, and strip the foliage from the trees. Thus, as we grow old, all the joys of life are taken, one by one, away, and naught but mournful memories remain. But we are not yet alone; the Doctor still is with us, and we are growing old and wise together. Perch thyself on the back of our arm-chair, while we with our meerschaum raise a huge cloud of smoke, and shut out this fussy and care-provoking world, and learn a lesson of wisdom from thee, O beloved Doctor!

W H A T W O U L D I B E ?

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

WHAT would I be? Not rich in gold,
And with a narrow heart,
Or m'anthropic, stern, and cold,
Dwell from my kind apart:
I would not be a man of war,
Who looks on death unmoved.
Give me a title dearer far:
'The well-beloved!'

II.

I would not wear a laurel crown,
Its leaves conceal the thorn;
Too oft the children of renown
Are friendless and forlorn.
Oh! let me lead a blameless life,
By young and old approved;
Called, in a world of sin and strife,
'The well-beloved!'

III.

God grant me power to guard the weak,
And Sorrow's moaning hush,
And never feel upon my cheek
Dark Shame's betraying blush:
And when, at my CREATOR's call,
From earth I am removed,
Let Friendship 'broider on my pall,
'The well-beloved!'

Naval-Office, June 2, 1855.

M E M O R I E S .

BY SURREY KENNEDY.

I.

Now, while the sun-set, with its golden banner,
Waves brightly over purple hill and heath,
I wander idly under leafy billows,
And mark the shadows quivering beneath.

II.

My feet fall silently in hushing mosses;
A tranced calm is in the summer air;
A flush of beauty comes from dewy blossoms;
I drink delirious draughts of fragrance rare.

III.

But now a subtler perfume, stealing o'er me,
Speaks to my senses in a voice of power;
The gates of gloom roll back, and fair before me
The past lies, living in a simple flower.

IV.

Ah! fair blush-rose! my heart is still thy garden,
Thy sweetness perfumes every memory;
Thou art to me a counsellor and warden,
A prophet of the joys that are to be.

V.

Unsealed by thee comes back a fairy vision,
Pure and unclouded by the mists of years:
The present vanishes; in dreams elysian
The one bright flower that crowned my life appears.

VI.

I cannot still my heart's tumultuous heaving,
I cannot quench my life's one long regret;
I see her fairy fingers lightly weaving
Thy blushing beauties for a coronet.

VII.

As the fair morning comes with soft approaches,
So steals the soul to her blue beaming eyes;
And her pale cheek, before my earnest pleading,
Grows flushed and roseate as sun-set skies.

VIII.

In Time's old glass the shining sands ran gayly
To music chanted by our happy hearts;
And the poor common things of life grew daily
More glorious with the grace that love imparts.

IX.

Ah ! feeble earthly love ! that had no power
To stay the faint pale roses on her cheek !
How she grew farther from me hour by hour,
Haunted by blissful dreams she could not speak.

X.

Those lustrous eyes had fathomed depths of being
Which my dim earthly sight could not attain ;
That brow had laid aside its thorns and flowers.
A deathless crown from martyred hands to gain.

XI.

The wine of life, in Love's enamelled chalice,
With purple bubbles, beaded on the brim,
Gladly she loses for that living water,
Before whose crystal earthly draughts grow dim.

XII.

O sweet blush-roses ! by her couch in dying
Ye lingered last of earth's dear memories,
Marring a moment her soul's rapture, sighing
A faint regret 'mid heaven's ecstasies.

XIII.

She walks beneath the mystic palm-trees waving,
She sees the amaranth in eternal bloom ;
I wander by these fair flowers, frail and fading ;
I only see, in all the world, a *tomb*.

XIV.

For her, the sun-shine of God's face for ever,
The choral strains of heaven's triumphant song ;
For me, to grope in darkness, haunted ever
By endless echoes of a voice that's gone.

XV.

Rose of my heart ! no coming spring shall wake thee
Into the sweet luxuriance of life ;
From thy new garden, no rash hand can take thee,
To waste thee in this rude world's jarring strife.

XVI.

But when for me the chill and deathly angel
Coldly upon this bounding life-tide breathes ;
When to my ears Eternity's evangel
Sings earth's tempestuous sorrows into peace :

XVII.

When this weak human heart is fearing, fainting,
May but one kindly angel near me stand,
Bearing, as in the old Italian painting,
Announcing DEATH, a blush-rose in his hand.

XVIII.

And thinking how this fading earthly symbol
Springeth for ever new from DEATH's decay,
My soul shall cast aside its weary fetters,
To hail the dawn of an eternal day.

Springfield, (Ill.) August, 1855.

LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND.

NUMBER TWO.

SINCE you left us I have become the owner of a prospect; that is to say, of some few acres of ground which commands a view; and I have named it after you. If your name were not to us more full of joy and happiness than any other, there are coincidences which connect you with it. I must tell you how it happened. More years ago than I like to count backward, and when studying my profession, my attention was by an accident fixed particularly upon a principle of law of rather uncommon application, and of a recondite character. I will not stop to explain the circumstance, but it was quite ridiculous, and not altogether pleasant at the time, arising from one of those practical jokes which school-mates play upon each other. It happened afterward, and about the time of your birth, that among the few clients who then found their way to my office, was a reckless young man, nearly at the end of a considerable fortune he had inherited, who was in trouble about the title to his only remaining piece of land. A speculator had discovered a defect in his title-deeds, and had bought in the title from those who conveyed, or intended to convey it, to my client; and, failing to frighten him into a compromise, had commenced suit to eject him. It happened that the principle of law to which I allude was exactly applicable, and saved his land, to the surprise of the speculator, and of some members of the profession, much better lawyers than myself, but who had never had occasion to use the principle in question, and had over-looked it, as I should have done, probably, but for the accident I refer to. The circumstance gave me more reputation than I had before enjoyed, so that my professional reputation and you were born about the same time. The necessity for finding more bread for more mouths sharpened my faculties for a diligent improvement of my good fortune, and my business grew faster than you did. The client, however, paid me nothing. He got wretchedly drunk on his victory, and while hiccuping my eulogy, gambled away his land to the very speculator from whom I had saved it; and then considered it a point of honor to convey it to pay his gambling debt, and leave his lawyer unpaid.

Some short time since, a widow woman, advanced in life and stricken

with sorrows, might have been seen, day after day, carrying a bundle of papers from one lawyer's-office to another, and craving aid to enforce a claim for certain lands in the vicinity of the city. She had no money to bear the expense of litigation, and generally commenced her overtures by a proposition to borrow. She had read somewhere, in novels, of lawyers who came to the rescue of widows and orphans, and performed prodigies of skill in their behalf, but had seen no mention of the amount paid for fees. Nor did it appear to enter her head that a lawyer or his family were obliged, as well as other people, to have a diligent regard to their chances of bread and butter. Her mind had dwelt upon her case until her imagination had become inflamed, and she used language in conversing about it such as might have done honor to your friend Dinarzaide, in the Arabian stories. She was considered to be deranged. She was called by the young men in the offices, to whom she had the honor chiefly of rehearsing her story, and who contributed to her bundle of papers occasionally a written opinion, generally involving the discussion of some work of fiction, 'The Florentine.' She always carried a single flower, of one kind or another, were it no better than a dandelion. It was thought to be a curious example of the monotone of the mind partially dethroned — the flower, and the bundle of papers, and the swollen language of her story. One of the young men spoke of her for short, as 'Madam Rose,' because the rose was most commonly her flower. This was modified by another, who designated the group, that is to say, the woman, the bundle of papers, the flower, and the story, as 'The Rosary.' After a while the phrase changed to 'Madam Flora,' and from that to 'Mother Flora;' but there was a relish of mystery and romance in her bearing which had not been expressed by any phrase until young Mr. Brooks, slightly elevated and inspired with a love-affair, described her as 'The — the — the Florentine, conf — d her!' He had been kept from an appointment by her pertinacity, for the tedious period of two minutes and a quarter, his boots all the while pinching dreadfully. 'The Florentine' was universally adopted by the young gentlemen in the offices, to signify not only the old lady and her belongings, but the psychological condition of Mr. Brooks at that momentous junction.

I had always managed to avoid her, and had never heard her story, except from others. One Christmas morning I visited the office, I suppose from force of habit, or to see how it would seem to go there and not occupy myself with business; for it was my full purpose to enjoy the day as a holiday. My mind, I am afraid, was nevertheless hovering round a case under my charge, involving an interesting question of insanity. It occurred to me that the old lady might be a valuable acquaintance, to be studied as an additional volume to my library, and that by watching the operations of her mind, I might discover something equal in value to a reported decision on the subject of insanity. Then I thought of the oddity of her always carrying a single flower, and what freak of the mind it could be to produce that result. Then I thought of the translation from some German or Swedish poet, I forget whom, which you used so often to repeat, beginning:

'A FLOWER do but place near thy window-glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.'

Then, you see, you had come back to my mind, who are so seldom absent from it, and I thought to myself: 'What if Ella should live to be an old woman, and should be overtaken by misfortune, and should go crazed, wandering from door to door among strangers, and with a bundle of papers, and an imaginary title to land, be driven back and forth like a battledore, from office to office, by thoughtless young men? My God! It occurred to me all at once that we had been committing a crime. I was about to protest, and to say to an imaginary array of lawyers, busy and harassed with every body's cares and troubles but their own: 'For God's sake, brethren, let us not forget to be men! This old woman was once some body's daughter, and full of sun-shine. The least you can do for her in her solitary and troubled state, is to give her your respect and sympathy.' The thought had got possession of me that some body might have loved her as I love you; and in one moment more a tear would have rolled down my cheek, but it was brushed away. The door quietly opened, and who should stand before me but *The Florentine*?

Under other circumstances I might have served her as others had; but I was then almost ready to fall on my knees and beseech her that, when she should meet her FATHER in heaven, she would intercede with Him to forgive us careless lawyers for our unfeeling neglect of His child. Since then, I have almost wished I had done so. It would have been a curious study to watch the effect upon her mind of thus throwing it suddenly back upon her childhood. It might, at any rate, have made an uncommonly nice tableau. But I approached her with the deference and tender respect which my train of thought had produced, and caused her to be seated. To avoid the tedious and unnecessary rehearsal to which she was accustomed, I led the conversation to indifferent topics. The effect at first was that of surprise, and almost apprehension; but seeing herself at length to be treated with delicacy and consideration, her form and whole appearance underwent a change, such as may happen in passing from one state of mind to another. Your friend Dinarzaide had disappeared, and in her place was a lady. Her manners assumed a quiet self-respect, and she conversed intelligently, in language quite well-chosen and unaffected. At length I led the way to her business. She said she had at one time supposed she had a just claim, but latterly had begun to suspect she was a little out of her mind. She was not too happy at best. 'And as you, Sir, have forborne to indicate that I am troublesome, you will win my gratitude by telling me frankly if I must throw away my hopes of property.' Here she commenced her rehearsal, and very soon your friend Dinarzaide was again visible. I had by this time, however, lost my inclination to amuse myself with her peculiarities, and took advantage of a pause to say that questions of title were for the most part matters of record, and if she would leave her papers, I would examine them, and let her know the result at a convenient time, perhaps one week from that day. Her eyes opened very wide, and had a pleading expression, as much as to say: 'A whole week! must I wait a week?' But this was the last bow of Dinarzaide to the audience for that time. Dinarzaide having stepped out, the lady very quietly and upon the whole rather thankfully as-

sented. I said, upon further reflection I would examine her case sooner, and give an answer the day after to-morrow. She was touched, and tears came. I wonder why it is that females always go off into hydraulics in that way.

You must know that a title is a novel or a tragedy. You follow, in tracing it, through all sorts of family joys and sorrows, births, deaths, marriages, separations, bankruptcies, etc. When you see us old hunkers unfolding piles of foolscap, or traversing old records, you naturally think: What a wretched occupation that is for a human soul! But there are cases when these dry-looking affairs become very animating, and the eyes of the soul look through them, as from an observatory, upon prospects grand, gloomy, serene, beautiful; mountains of dreary misfortune, rivers of sorrow, bright and varied vegetation of hopes, broad-bosomed lakes of smiling happiness. Believe me, my darling, we are not so dry as we seem.

The case of 'The Florentine' was at first repulsive and discouraging. Among her papers was absolutely nothing to encourage investigation. A few old deeds describing the land claimed, but affording no indication of title in her, were all that related to the subject. To these were added written opinions from the young men in the law-offices, who had fallen in with the belief that she was crazy. They were a curious literary product, made up of mixed quotations from Coke upon Littleton, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and the like. It would be a nice study to ascertain how long it would require an ordinary sound mind, with ordinary sensibilities, once put under suspicion of insanity, and treated as insane, to become so. But from those old deeds I went to the records, and my search was probably sharpened by the circumstances I have related, and perhaps by flattering myself with the notion that I was doing a generous thing. It appeared that the grand-father of 'The Florentine' had once resided at New-Haven, Conn., and came west with General Putnam and his company. Following down the river from Marietta, he became the owner of a considerable farm near the present city of Cincinnati. Then followed family fortunes and misfortunes, executions, tax-sales, bills in chancery, speculators' claims, and what not. But at length, as the old stories have it, when nearly exhausted with hopeless wanderings, I thought I saw a light shining in the distance. It might be a hermit's cell; it might be a robber's cave; it was, at all events, my only hope, and I approached. What was my joy to find an old friend ready with hospitable hearth and arms to receive me! I found a point on which the principle of law before mentioned was an exact fit — the second instance, and, down to this time, the only ones in my practice. One-fourth of the whole farm was Dinarzaide's! itself a modest but adequate fortune for any lady.

The occupant was a hard man, reaping where he had not sown, and gathering where he had not strown, and he had enough property more. I supposed he would be my enemy for life; but instead of that, he took up an exaggerated notion of my professional skill, and gave me a standing retainer to act for him, and never against him. He is a dry, hard old fellow, and I shall have a chance to study him, and get a clue to his experiences and his inner nature. I have sometimes noticed that these old hunkers open up quite rich when you can get at them rightly.

The immediate effect upon 'The Florentine' was happy; but I cannot take time now to describe it. There have been a good many circumstances in connection with the matter, as strange and interesting as an old-fashioned novel. My 'point' of law has become quite celebrated. Several young members of the bar have tried it on to promissory notes, but without success, since it relates exclusively to real-estate, and is one of the legal myths come down from the feudal ages.

The nub of the story is, that 'The Florentine,' as a token of her sense of my services, deeded me ten acres of the ground, in a picturesque situation, as my fee. I had never hinted the payment of a farthing; and upon some suggestion of her own fancy, she selected the prettiest spot on the ground, and had a deed made and recorded before I was aware of it. In manner, this was Dinarzaide, but in substance the most rational thing in the world. She is no more crazy than you are.

The situation is this. The Ohio River makes a large circuit to the north just before reaching the city, and is all the way hemmed in by high hills, with an occasional meadowy recess or irregular widening of the valley. The ground I speak of is what might be the key of the arch; high above the valley, but looking over it, and commanding it for miles to the right and to the left. On either hand the eye takes in a broad and beautiful stretch of the river; its valleys and hills, its vineyards, villages, steamboats, and all manner of varied life. We call it 'Ellasland.' At the foot of the hills runs the Little-Miami Rail-road, and we look down from 'Ellasland' and see the trains of cars whistling, jerking, and thundering along, as if they felt a good deal bigger than they look. When will Ella herself come in those cars?

Like all places commanding extraordinary views, Ellasland is rather inaccessible. It costs a deal of money to fix it, and it never can be so fixed but that we shall have to climb as if hunting crows'-nests to get to it. When I spoke of it as a fee, my brother-lawyers, in consideration of the cost of improvements, say it is simple also. It is jocularly spoken of as my 'fee-simple.' But it is my romance, my poem. Partly down a slope in the back-part of the grounds is a clear spring of water, and by it sits, as its guardian-spirit, a most primitive and wonderful bull-frog. Of a summer night he is addicted to dogmatism, and particularly sonorous when it is very dark. I send you herewith his daguerreotype. Please observe his mouth, his eyes. He appears to be comprehending the whole world, and considering what to do about it. His voice is orotund, and his delivery very fine. Of a dark night it is an inspiring and cheerful thing to hear his positive and hopeful utterances. There is no sign of doubt or mystification about him. Your brother calls him 'Martin Luther.' It strikes me that his forehead is rather low to bear such a name; but he does wear it. After every sort of family criticism and protest has been worn out, habit has fixed upon him the name. And partly as a consequence, a tree-toad, smaller, gentler than 'Martin Luther,' less dogmatic and positive, but whose voice is the music to 'Martin's' noble words, we call 'Melancthon.' But I am spinning out this letter, having so many things to tell. My thoughts are ever with you, and when I take my pen to write, the flood-gates are opened; the difficulty is to stop.

R E M E M B R A N C E .

SHE died! the lily only grew
 More snowy on her tender cheek;
 And like two rose-leaves crushed with dew
 Drooped down her eye-lids, soft and meek :
 Their fairest flower, their joy, their pride,
 Scarce seventeen — and yet she died !

She died! The sky was blue and warm,
 And sun-set waves of red and gold
 Crept rippling o'er the sculptured form
 That lay in death, so marble cold :
 Love, light, and life from earth were gone!
 She died! — and yet the sun shone on.

Yes, in that quiet room she lay,
 Just as she seemed an hour ago,
 When *he* knelt by her couch to pray,
 With reeling brain, heart stunned with wo.
 'My God! my God! send help!' he cried;
 But ah! — poor stricken one! — she died!

Her soft hand clasped within his own,
 That to her loving heart she pressed;
 One last fond smile — no sigh, no groan,
 And the sweet spirit was at rest.
 Madly he chained her to his side,
 Still his, though DEATH'S — his promised bride.

They bore him frantic from the room,
 And long, through the night-shadowed street,
 He paced before that house of gloom,
 With sunken eye and faltering feet;
 While from his pale lips burst the cry :
 'Have mercy HEAVEN, and let me die!'

They placed the glittering bridal-ring
 On one white finger o'er her breast,
 And flowers, such as he loved to bring,
 In her dark shining hair were dressed.
 His pictured image pressed her heart :
 One long, wild kiss — and thus they part!

That face beneath the coffin-lid
 Was not so ghastly as his own;
 His fearful moans they gently chid,
 But his strong manhood was o'erthrown.
 They spoke of pride with empty breath —
 Fools! what has pride to do with death?

She died! no note of song was heard
 Where, like a bird's, her voice had been;
 None ever saw the casement stirred
 To let the cheerful sun-shine in.
 They thought that years could never bind
 Each bleeding heart and wandering mind.

But as the time fled swift away,
 More quietly their tear-drops fell,
 And less they missed it day by day,
 The voice that they had loved so well.

And ere spring-grass had o'er her grown,
Friends seemed as if no grief they'd known.

Ah! love! poor, fickle human love!
But he was lonely, and so young;
Scarce one short year she'd reigned above
Ere to another's harp he sung;
And whispered in another's ear
The sweet low tones she held so dear.

'Tis best: it is a blessed thing
That Time has balm for every wo;
That all our change no tears can wring
From those who no more change can know.
Oh! ponder well, youth, love, and pride,
'Tis all awaits ye, this: 'They died!'

Would that our thoughts, from earth withdrawn,
Shut up alone with Death and God,
Might cling to heaven, of grace new-born;
For this 'tis sent — the chastening rod;
But ah! we feel the smart and pain,
Then weep, forget, and sin again!

RACHEL A. ACKERMAN.

Albany, (N. Y.)

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

FISHING THE SECOND.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

'THERE HOPE sits day after day, *speculating* on traditional gudgeons!' — ELIA.

'He that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself.' — WALTON.

[A fair autumn day. Piscator, Scholiast, and Venator, habited as fishers, are seen upon the banks of the Susquehanna, nearly opposite a small village, called by the Indians *Canna-na-na*. Venator beareth a pail in his hands, wherewith, unbeknown to his comrades, he shall fall to the ground.]

PISCATOR: Good my scholars — and I make myself not uneasy to call you such, seeing that all men go to school to one another, and the wise men never cease to learn, but are even tutored in some things by those far beneath them in other matters — this is the place where mighty bass are taken by skilful fishers. The flesh of the Susquehanna bass is reputed, by those who have had the good luck to taste it, to surpass that of all the other dwellers in the water. Yet I cannot vouch for the truth of such affirmation, since never have I, nor have any of my honest brethren with whom I have met, been so fortunate as to eat thereof. Still, there be reasons which force me to give faith to the rumor, to wit: for that it is generally received as true; also, for that they be very scarce and difficult to take — qualities which give flavor and relish to any

thing ; and also, for that I did once see an honest angler who did assure me that formerly he did see another brother of the rod and line, who, upon his honor as a fisher, did most religiously and solemnly asseverate that he did, once upon a time, drink of some water wherein tradition said a large bass was seen to lie, and that it had a most sweet and wholesome taste. Therefore, let us angle for this large and notable fish this fair autumn day ; and though we may fail to catch him, yet 't will be royal sport, and while we are thus striving we shall not be pestered by smaller fry. In this manner, also, let us live, my scholars ! Let our purposes be high and generous ; let us ever be pressing on to some good end, some glorious destiny ; and though we may fail to rear for ourselves the enduring monument of eternal memory, yet by perseverance in such course, we shall at least be honored and respected by the upright and virtuous, and leave the legacy of good men to posterity — fair names and sweet remembrances, unsullied by meanness, untarnished by reproach !

VENATOR : Dear my master, should I live to be as old as Mathuselem, which HEAVEN forefend, never should I be able sufficiently to thank thee for all thy kind offices in my behalf — thy learned counsels, thy good instructions, and thy sweet examples, which thou ever bearest with thee, even as the bull-head its horns, which are ever pricking me on to all that is gentle, lovable, and good.

SCHOLIAST : In truth, my master, I will ever hold as sabbatical the day that gave me to thy care. Richer am I than Midas, or the Lydian king, in thy speech and company. With thee simplicity and honesty go hand in hand, which go not in the ways of worldliness. Though nor power nor wealth lie in thy future, yet farewell the strife of the ungodly, the barter of repose for gain, the immolation of integrity on the altar of advancement ; for with the golden-tongued philosopher I can say : ' Could riches so gained ever compare in worth with the cheerful consciousness of integrity and of nobility of soul ? Could I prize wealth before the peace of mind resulting from honesty ? '

VENATOR : Truly, ever doth my grateful heart revert to thee, my master, though ever saddened with the reflection that fatigue brings with it no fish, and that endurance is only repaid by disappointment.

PISCATOR : Bear with thee a brave heart, scholar mine. If so be that thou dost truly desire to become a disciple of the bait-box and grub, thou must learn not only to suffer without complaint, both wet and dry, heat and cold, thirst and hunger, mishap and ill-luck, but also to make every accident and incident of things, real and imaginary, a joy and pleasure. And, good Venator, I am beholden to thee that, passing by that rollicking Poeta, thou hast invited only to the angle with us this sedate and sober Scholiast. I make no doubt of the rhymester's laziness ; yet he hath not patience, and beside, is so given to drink that he would soon bring our honest art into disrepute.

VENATOR : Marry ! I have only known this Poeta to become most heartily sick of him. For not only hath he vanity, the very vanity of vanities, but he is withal one of those animals whereof the devils took possession in the country of the Gadarenes, eating and drinking more,

and paying less than any man with whom I have met since first I saw thee.

SCHOLIAST : So thou hast learned this Poeta to thy sorrow ! Thou art not the first ; and, sooth to say, he is more notable for his drinks than his rhymes. Much time have I spent to divine why the rhymster was created ; but I am only the more confounded by my research. As the summer cannot exist without grass-hoppers, so society cannot exist without poets ; but that summer would be more welcome without the one, and society more endurable without the other, is my firm belief. Zoölogically I can find no place for him, and I confess him a veritable pest, a nuisance !

POETA *here emergeth suddenly from a clump of bushes by the wayside and speaketh* : A good morrow to you all, gentlemen ! Aha ! it is to the angle that ye go, sullyng your honest craft with villainous discourse on my brotherhood. Art not ashamed, Scholiast ? thou, versed in all the ancient lore ; thou who knowest that imagination is the soul of all writing ; without which composition can only, and that poorly, subserve some present and urgent necessity which called it forth, and is then consigned to the lumber-room and dust of forgetfulness — art not ashamed to deery the muse ? I marvel not these simple men, unlettered as they are, should hold the poet in contempt. Ignorance and obtuseness always despise what they cannot comprehend. But thou — O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell ! The bard a pest, a nuisance ! What awful forms are those which haunt the world, and make it beautiful with sacred stream and plain divine, and holy mountain-top ? The poets, whom DEITY hath appointed His ministers and prophets ! Canst find no room on earth for the minstrel ? Place him then, Scholiast, amid the gods !

PISCATOR : Soft you, scholars ! this shall not be. Thou, Poeta, art much to blame in this ; for know we were but in a merry humor, and our strictures were, in truth, but jocundities.

VENATOR : For a verity, 't was but jollity. 'T was but a jest, a quip, a crankum. Take it not to heart. I said but in joke what was true. Therefore, take it not in dudgeon. A word in thine ear : I have a flask in my pocket, and we will be friends over it if ever we can give these twain the slip.

POETA : In sooth, my masters, I am mainly mollified. But hereafter let me not hear you condemn the muse ; for in so doing you condemn the all-pervading spirit of the beautiful. And now, as I throw away this tobacco, so do I give to the wind all enmity and bitter feeling. Thy hand, beloved Scholiast !

SCHOLIAST : I take it with a hearty good will. And as we grasp each other's hand, let us do it warmly, thinking how time hath sanctified this custom ; as even in the age of Homer, as now, it was considered a token of friendship and familiarity. Believe me, 't was but in jest that I spake lightly of the poet ; for with Tully can I truly say : *Atqui sic à summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, cæterarum rerum studia, et doctrinâ, et præceptis, et arte constare ; poetam naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu instari. Quare suo jure noster ille Ennius sanctos appellat poetas, quod*

as the spot where, on a day of the olden summer, with the kind leave, and the kinder aid and labor, of him of yonder mansion, the tables were spread, and the young, and gay, and beautiful kept festal-day; some sitting by the brook-side in choral song, and others wandering up into the depths of that embowered glen, filled with sweet warblers, wild-flowers, and old romance. Ah! I have heard old men talk of that day as the happiest one of a long life. Let us lie down here, for it is passing beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: With all my heart, here, beneath this maple. Poeta, tell me, I pray, for thou must know, what is this *Beautiful*, of which we have so much spoken to-day?

POETA: The beautiful! what is the beautiful! 'Tis the beautiful, to be sure. Why, 'tis the earth, the sky, the birds, the flowers — 'tis every thing.

SCHOLIAST: True. But to say what things are beautiful is not to define the beautiful. All things are beautiful which are beautiful; but what *is* the beautiful? Shall we say with Kant, that 'the beautiful is that which, apart from any conception, is considered as affording pleasure to all?'

POETA: By my troth, I *can't* say! But it seemeth to me that the beautiful in a tree differeth from that in a woman, by as great a difference as they are different; and that there is no such thing as abstract beauty.

PISCATOR: Yea, scholar, but are not both a pleasurable sight? Surely the great transcendentalist hath the very right in this matter. It is the beautiful in a thing which affords us pleasure when we consider the beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: Most subtle Piscator! Thou hast lit on the German's weakness in thy first theoretic flight. He hath but given us a Roland for an Oliver. Truly, he tells us that the beautiful is that which affords pleasure, and we say that which affords us pleasure in a thing is the beautiful; but what is that which we denominate the beautiful, and which affordeth pleasure? In that Kant hath cut loose from all conception, I honor him; but his definition let me defer to. How sayest thou, Poeta?

POETA: 'As you like it.' Marry, and list that joy-scream! A noisy good-for-naught is he; as though he were the only bird of the forest. Prithee proceed; for I had rather hear thy sweet discourse than his discordant note. There he goes again, with his shrill, startling cry, as though danger were near.

SCHOLIAST: But if a person assert that by the term beauty are signified two things: First, that external quality of bodies which may be shown in some sort to be typical of the Divine attributes, which he calls typical beauty; secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, which he denominates vital beauty — should we credit it?

POETA: By my halidom! nay. For, poor a logician as I am, still the defect to me is obvious. Different objects would not typify all the attributes of divinity, nor all objects the same attribute. The fecundity of some men's fancies might enable them to find in many objects some di-

vine type which would not be perceivable to common minds. But even if many beautiful objects be so typical, it cannot be affirmed of all; as, for instance, a drinking-cup; or to illustrate by a glaring example, a beautiful snake, which has been, certainly since the fall, typical of no heavenly attribute. The second division he limits to living things, and this limitation destroys the integrity of the definition. To say the truth, Ruskin hath sublimed his subject until it is lost sight of, and he goes on through his whole discourse on the theoretic faculty, beating the air with a grand enthusiasm, glorious imagination, and splendid diction.

SCHOLIAST: Bravely done, indeed, most worthy Poeta! Now what shall we say of Aristotle, who affirmeth that beauty consists in magnitude and order?

PISCATOR: Thou shalt say as seemeth good to thee.

SCHOLIAST: Then shall I not declare the Stagyrite in error? And note, he subsequently limits this magnitude to a happy medium. What he meaneth by order, I know not, unless it be a harmonious combination of the parts of an object. If it be this, I most heartily agree with him; if not, not; for there is often the greatest beauty in disorder; as, a sunset, with its purple sky a-flame, with scattered and ragged clouds, blazing, changing, and shifting in the departing glory. As to magnitude, is not the small as beautiful, often more so, than the large? Is not the fawn as beautiful as the deer? Is not the leopard more beautiful than the elephant, the squirrel than the rhinoceros, the rose than the sunflower, the flower than the tree, the diamond than the rock? Are not many of the smallest visible objects beautiful? Shall we deny the insect world its claim to beauty? shall we confine it to the medium? Or, shall we say that, on account of its immensity, this goodly earth, with its pleasant vales and winding streams, wild-woods and prairies; or the goodlier heavens, where God stretches his bow and renews his covenant, with all its multitudinous suns and stars, the ever young-eyed choristers that were when all the sons of God shouted for joy, are devoid of beauty? Beside, magnitude cannot be predicated of color, music, and many other things-whereof beauty is affirmed. How then?

PISCATOR: We will then, for thy sake, most learned Scholiast, deem that the beautiful hath no dependency on size. Still, a large fish of one kind is more beautiful to me than a small fish of the same kind.

POETA: I hold the beautiful to be beautiful to all capacitated for appreciating it. Therefore, when one says, this thing is beautiful to me, though not to others, he impeaches the faculties of all, which must take cognizance of the beautiful when present, unless in particular instances early prejudice may have blinded or warped them. Wherever the beautiful is, it rests in pleasurable objectiveness to all, otherwise it is dependent on freak, fancy, fashion, and folly, which I deny; for it was before any of these with the angels. So, when thou sayest a large fish to thee is beautiful, thou meanest, its size affords thee gratification, and usest the word *beautiful*, as men are apt to, without a distinct apprehension of its significancy. Am I not right, Scholiast?

SCHOLIAST: For a verity; if there be a beauty through which all things beautiful are beautiful, which we hold, and which many contend for. Attend now to Burke's definition. He says: 'By beauty, I mean

that quality, or those qualities, in bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it.' How unsatisfactory to his own mind this must have been appears in this, that he is necessitated immediately to elucidate the term love, as not desire, not lust, nothing that love in its general acceptation signifies, but a certain mental satisfaction, something, perhaps, like Kant's pleasure, or what, perhaps, might be expressed by the word *liking*. This definition is, however, liable to the same objection with Kant's. What is that quality in the beautiful which causes love? Thus you see the definition is self-explosive. But further. This love of Burke's is something inconsonant with the fearful, loathsome, or repulsive; and note he does not disconnect his beauty from conception, and herein is less exact than the German philosopher. Now the beautiful and the repulsive, loathsome or fearful are compatible, the same thing being considered at the same time both subjectively and objectively. For example, an enraged serpent is one of the most fearful and repulsive creatures in nature viewed subjectively; but objectively, ineffably beautiful. So in the whole reptile species, the loathsome and beautiful are often conjoined. Again, many things beautiful may excite no love in us. The flowers which a dear dead sister tended, any thing beautiful cherished by her, when brought to our view, would fill us with sorrow, and yet be not the less beautiful. So, also, the most beautiful in writing is that which excites in us not love, but pity and sympathy. Or how, scholars?

POETA: The name of Burke is legion; but let us modestly differ, since, if we are not satisfied, we are not satisfied, though Burke say it.

PISCATOR: Yea, out upon all apotheothization! Should we buy a fish without looking at the gills, though all unite in commending it? and shall we take intellectual ware upon trust, which, if it haply be truth, is a treasure — that good part which shall never be taken from us? Hark! 't is Venator singing. A brave rustic voice is his, though, to say truth, but little sweeter than poor Jack's, who browses the thistle; and all tunes are alike to him. He is having rare luck, I doubt not. I prithee proceed; for we are yet to learn what this beauty is.

SCHOLIAST: Let us then press on till we reach the gate called '*Beautiful*.' Socrates (according to Xenophon) concludes that whatever is well suited is beautiful with regard to that thing to which it is well suited; but that it may not be beautiful with respect to any other thing whatever; in other words, that beauty consists in the utility and fitness of things to their proposed ends. But he declares, that of beauty in the abstract, we know nothing. Plato also affirms that we are ignorant of the beautiful abstracted, and closes his '*Hippias Major*' by saying: 'For I seem to myself to understand what the proverb means, *Difficult are the beautiful*.' Shall we heed Socrates and his pupil, or shall we strive for the beautiful in the abstract?

POETA: O Scholiast! let us never give over the endeavor; for methinks I see in my mind the spirit of the beautiful descending from heaven, and the brightness of his coming beams like the Northern Lights' red glare athwart the stars! Methinks I see the foul and wrong, and all their carking broods, hide their abashed and confounded fronts,

and he, glorious and regnant over all, like the angel in the Apocalypse, planteth one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and sweareth by Him that liveth and reigneth for ever that such things shall be no longer!

SCHOLIAST: Thou speakest well; but what signifies all our laudation of the beautiful if we know not what it is? Give ear now. We cannot say of a single thing, this is equal; for it is imperative when we speak of equality, to institute a comparison between the thing whereof equality is predicated, and another thing whereto its equality is affirmed. So we cannot say of a single line, it is parallel. We must subject it to its position with respect to another line to affirm its parallelism. In fine, whatever quality a thing possesses, which we cannot assert of it as intrinsic, *that* cannot be abstracted. And though parallelism and equality may be affirmed of many lines and objects, yet we can have no conception of abstract parallelism and equality. Again, unless a quality be the property of more than one thing, we cannot abstract it. Thus we cannot affirm circularity except of the circle, nor triangularity except of the triangle; and hence cannot say that there is an abstract circularity, or a triangularity considered apart from the triangle. Therefore, if there be an abstract beauty, it must be dependent on nothing extrinsic, affected by no comparison, coupled with no interest, that it be wholly self-existent, self-dependent, and self-governed. Shall we say this, and proceed?

A murrain on that rascally squirrel, for he hath dropped an acorn, which he found in yon field, upon my nose. I fear lest it swell and disfigure my face.

PISCATOR: Away with fears! He hath but punctured it a little, and Susquehanna anglers (for such are we all) must learn to bear with brave hearts all the pricks and snubs of fortune. Is it not pleasant fishing here?

POETA: Yea, by the rood! Prithee, learned Scholiast, bait thy hook again; for Piscator and myself long to nibble thereat.

PISCATOR: I am happy that ye listen with such attent, and would others might be like you. And now let us throw in again. Shall we say that any thing simple, uncompounded, any single component, particle, or atom is beautiful? Shall we say that any single musical note is beautiful, or that any one note is more beautiful than another?

POETA: For a verity.

SCHOLIAST: Thou shalt maintain it then. Which, sounded alone, is the most beautiful, *do* or *sol*?

POETA: Neither. But one tune is more beautiful than another.

SCHOLIAST: True, O minstrel! It needeth a combination of notes in order that there be any music whatever. The whistle of the quail is as beautiful as any single note of the brown thrush, yet who would compare the flute-like cadences of the latter with the monotonous cry of the former? Again, is there any thing which we may designate as beautiful in a number of objects of irregular rotundity, and a mass of vegetation, taken separately? Let these be properly placed together, and we have a tree, which all agree to call beautiful. Is any one color, taken apart, beautiful? I apprehend all will say nay. Should we call

a nose beautiful taken from the face ; or a face beautiful without a nose ; or an eye beautiful if placed in a brick wall ? So of all the features separately ; but aggregated, they make the countenance divine. Then shall we not affirm that beauty consists in a measure of combination ?

POETA : Truly. Let us define beauty to be combination.

SCHOLIAST : Nay, not so fast, thou knight of song ! Shall we not say something more ? Or shall we call a face beautiful possessed of three eyes and two noses ; or a form beautiful with three breasts, or three arms ; or an animal beautiful with five legs ? Would that countenance be beautiful in which the eyes were below the nose, or the mouth above, or a form with the arms protruding from the abdomen ? Would a rainbow with a different combination of four of the colors, or a tune with an improper combination of notes, or a poem wherein words were placed without sensible sequence, be called beautiful ? Thus we may easily perceive there may be positive ugliness in combination. What then, in these last examples, hath rendered them ugly ?

PISCATOR : Unsuitableness, or something else.

POETA : The lack of harmony, as it seemeth to me.

SCHOLIAST : What then, shall we not say that a harmonious and suitable combination is constituent of beauty ?

POETA : We will affirm it to be so.

SCHOLIAST : But we say there is beauty in the moral world, as well as in the natural and artificial world. Shall we there find this harmonious and suitable combination ? Hear what the inspired Tarsusian hath written : ' Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' So we see virtue, which is above all things beautiful, is nothing without charity. Benevolence is beautiful ; but would we call his act beautiful who should bestow an alms, or forsooth, Piscator, one of too many fish upon a rich person ?

PISCATOR : By no means ; for with the gift should also go commiseration and a desire to relieve want.

SCHOLIAST : This suitable and harmonious combination is also found in the moral world. Shall we say then that the beautiful is harmonious and suitable combination ? Let us be wary. A large beam, well squared and fitted, or a large stone well dressed and suited for building, shall we call beautiful ? I think not. Yet wherefore not ? Their combinations possess harmony and suitableness. I hold that it is because the intellect doth not take delight in considering them. That whereof the beautiful is affirmed, must be considered ; for until the mental effort, and until that is accompanied with a pleasure that is not fleeting nor casual, the beautiful is not perceived. Let us examine. Suppose a person listless, the beautiful may be presented, but he shall take no cognizance of it. But place some delicacy on his tongue, he

shall taste it ; fire a pistol near him, and he shall start ; strike at him, and he shall shrink. Suppose the mind engrossed with care or sorrow, the beautiful is passed by unnoticed. In the one case the intellect is sluggish ; in the other so dominant that it receives no impress from the senses. Therefore I hold that we do not take cognizance of the beautiful until the intellect has considered a thing, marked its harmonious and suitable combination, and received delight therefrom, how or why, is known only to OMNISCIENCE. Let me then say that the beautiful is that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect.

POETA : Then, O most learned Scholiast, thou maintainest that the intellect alone tells us what is beautiful ; so that the more cultivated and higher the intellect, the better able it is to perceive the beautiful. Cannot a simple child discover the beautiful, and does he not more than the man ? Beautifully indeed doth the Oxford graduate say, there are few ' who look not back to their youngest and least learned days, as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perceptions ' of the splendors of the beautiful, and then quoth a sad, sweet verse, beginning, ' Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

SCHOLIAST : Out upon him ! he knows better ! The bard may sing :

— ' 'T is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.'

'T is his privilege. But the reasoner should keep the truth before him, and beware lest it be lost sight of in the obscurity of fancy. Let us look with an eye single to truth. The child grasps at whatever glitters ; is, as a poet expresseth it, ' pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.' The specious is its choice. With reason comes the apprehension of the beautiful. Do we not recollect by what slow approaches we have come to the knowledge of the beautiful ? Do we not remember how the purple of its dawn broke upon us with dim, uncertain tinges ; how it came upward flushing, gilding, and widening our horizon, waking the dormant music in our hearts, until it rose upon our manhood in full effulgence, displaying to us a new world, and diffusing over all things a more full and perfect light and life ? The simple, sensual joys and fancies of childhood had no care nor sorrows to disturb them, and therefore we so poetically revert to them. Who that has ever enjoyed an hour of perfect intellectual felicity, would exchange another promised hour for an eternity of infancy ? The savage, whose mind has never been pruned to the formalities of ratiocination, does he not prefer the gaudy to the beautiful, and display a disregard, an ignorance of the beautiful in nature ?

POETA : But can we not discover the beautiful without reasoning ?

SCHOLIAST : The specious and gaudy to our imperfect intellects have a resemblance to the beautiful ; therefore before deciding upon the beautiful, we must beware lest we be at fault. True, we look at a thing and immediately pronounce it beautiful. So a man looks at a dim sun-set and forbears a journey on the morrow. In either case a chain of reasoning takes place, but with such electric celerity, that the

intellect is hardly aware of its own action, or of the intermediate steps between the premise and conclusion. Again, how many things which at the first glance we call beautiful, prove otherwise. So we see when the intellect considers a thing superficially or insufficiently, we are liable to be deceived as to the beautiful.

PISCATOR : Perhaps then upon every object of contemplation there is a judgment as to its beauty ; but is not that judgment an intuition more fully developed by years ?

SCHOLIAST : Thou art right as to judgment (which is the conclusion of the operations of the intellect) upon a thing as to its beauty, or the opposite, its ugliness, or the intermediate, its plainness. But that this judgment, as thou callest it, is not intuition, is evident in this, that no one, without being shod with some preparation, can ever take correct cognizance of the beautiful in the artificial world ; for example, a poem, a picture, a symphony. That our ideas of beauty are not æsthetic, plainly appears in this, that in all things decided upon by the senses, there is no appeal to the intellect. All agree that the quality of sugar is sweetness, nor will one say that sugar is sour or bitter ; nor can education make one perceive acidity in sugar. Neither will different persons perceive a greater sweetness in the same sugar. But it is far otherwise in regard to the beautiful in the artificial world. While all agree upon consideration as to the existence of beauty in certain things, they differ often as to the degree. And those who have schooled the intellect by constant critical exercise, all allow to be most competent to conclude upon the beautiful, and to their judgment due deference is paid. These differences arise from the imperfections of all things artificial. In the natural world, there is less diversity of judgment, since no impotent hand has composed the objects which shadow forth the beautiful ; and in the moral world still less, because in that there is nothing indifferent, and God has donated it alone with perfectibility. But this disagreement comes not from the beautiful, which is, like its immortal SIRE, immutable, but as I have said, from the imperfection of things, and I will add, the fallibility of the intellect, with its vision be-dimmed by the clouds and distortions of mundane influences.

POETA : Prithee, master, for thou speakest most delectably, and the glow of a rich enthusiasm is on thy cheek, and its fire in thine eye, is this harmonious and suitable combination discovered until the beautiful is decided upon ?

SCHOLIAST : Dost thou discover an article to be sweet by its being sugar, or that it is sugar by being sweet ? Do we find a beautiful tree to be a tapering trunk, waving boughs, delicately-traced leaves, and symmetrical form ; or do we find these things to be a beautiful tree ? From the swift operation of the intelligences we may be unaware of it, but when we come to analyze the beautiful, we shall see that our mind has already taken cognizance of all the constituents. True that in some analyses we may discover new reasons for denominating a thing beautiful ; but I submit, that in such event, the beauty is greater than we had, upon a partial consideration, concluded. Beside, how many things which at first strike us unfavorably, do we not upon examination pronounce, and that too with correctness, beautiful ?

PISCATOR : Give us then, O Scholiast ! — for thou, apprehending the beautiful, if any are able, can — a standard to which all things beautiful shall be referred for judgment — an ideal beauty.

SCHOLIAST : I can no more do that than give thee an ideal solidity, since we can know nothing of it except as it is presented in individual instances. We can contemplate beauty abstracted from particular things ; but apart from things in general, we cannot. It is something we find in things which cannot be separated from them, yet not dependent upon particulars. We cannot judge of the beautiful in a horse by the beautiful in a tree ; nor the beautiful in a tree by that in a poem ; nor that in the poem by that in generosity ; yet the beautiful in each is the same immutable beauty which pervades all things we denominate beautiful. In the natural world, we cannot refer beauty to the curve, because many plane surfaces, many angular objects are beautiful beyond a doubt. So of the artificial and moral worlds. And if this is so, there is certainly no standard whereby we may judge indiscriminately of the beauty of a landscape, a symphony, and virtue. There is nothing in them similar, analogous, or opposed. I conclude then, O my scholars ! there is no ideal beauty, and that the manifestation of beauty is dependent upon the thing so manifesting it.

POETA : But how, O Scholiast ! if the beautiful is immutable, and there be no ideal, shall we say one thing is more beautiful than another ? Truly saith Shelley :

‘THE awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from leaf to leaf,
. . . . dear and yet dearer for its mystery.’

SCHOLIAST : I have said we see it as through a glass darkly, and that it is manifested to us through imperfections. That displayed through the works of man (the artificial world) is of the lowest order, and the most various in degrees. In the natural world, which is in a measure imperfect, we find many degrees of beauty, but all surpassing that of the artificial world. Think not I start a heresy in saying the world is not perfect. Before the curse was pronounced, it was indeed so ; but thence God intended we should behold no perfection beside his law. It is in the moral world, where perfectibility is, that the greatest excellence is to be met with. One benevolence is no more beautiful than another. Virtue in one is no more beautiful than virtue in another. The degrees are very few. Yet there is imperfection ; for there is not one who hath not tarnished his moral beauty with some vice. The soul of man, the perfectest of all sublunar creations, displays to us the greatest beauty which our intellects are capacitated for contemplating. For to quote from thine own poet, speaking of love and beauty, he says their might

‘EXCEEDS our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.’

We shall never see the beautiful in its perfection in this transitory sphere ; nor do I think we should rightly apprehend it, were it possible to behold it. It is only in the spirit-land that the perfectly beautiful

dwells. It is there that those who in this valley and shadow of death have endeavored to gird themselves with moral beauty, shall, divested of all the clogs and hindrances of mortality, with their visions enlightened and clarified by that light which is not of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars, contemplate, and ever rejoice in the perfect and truly beautiful. To that end, O my scholars! let us, through the only perfection which earth possesses, I mean the law of God, who alone is the source of beauty, strive through our little night, which is not passed, and so shall we, through the peaceable paths of honesty, innocency, and prayer go on with our loins girded, till the eternal dawn shall break upon us, and we come to the full knowledge and enjoyment of the perfect and truly beautiful!

PISCATOR: Yea, that we will. Let us consecrate ourselves to beauty and angling; for they shall go hand in hand, like 'Sleep and *her* brother Death!'

POETA: Happy, O thrice happy day! that lured me from the town away, and crowned me with such happiness! Bright be thy sun for ever more, and still increasing be thy store of beauty and of loveliness. Spirit of beauty, everywhere, ruling o'er ocean, earth, and air, breathe on this soul of mine! Make it to virtue ever dutiful, make it with virtue ever beautiful, make it for ever thine!

PISCATOR: By're Lady! an' my watch showeth four of the afternoon. Let us return to Venator. Ah! how stiff I am from long reclining! Give me thy hand, Poeta. Thou art young and lithe yet.

POETA: The beautiful never grows old. It is as bright and young to-day as when it came with its birds and flowers to adorn the primal earth.

SCHOLIAST: True, scholar mine. I do confess to a stiffness myself, O Piscator! Still ye twain have listened so attentively that it taketh from me all regret, though I shall have a twinge of the rheumatics to-morrow. And now we have defined beauty to be that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect. We have divided it into natural, artificial, and moral beauty. Perhaps we will hereafter treat upon these divisions separately, and show the uses, mission, and abuses of the beautiful.

PISCATOR: I pray it may be so. But here we are at the river-side again. Where is Venator? Ho-ho! Venator!—so-ho! so-la! hoop! Perhaps he hath become weary, and sleepeth.

POETA: Marry, master, here is a broken rod fixed in the ground, with an empty bottle stuck on the end thereof, and here is the pail with its bottom burst out. Mayhap some ruffians have robbed him, and spirited him away!

PISCATOR: Very like, very like; but I'll take oath they never found poorer prey. I fear, however, lest that most potent of robbers, wine, hath stolen away what little wit he hath; and that being angered at our long stay, he hath sought to mar our sport. But see! Scholiast falleth!

SCHOLIAST: 'Tis but little I feel it. That villainous Venator hath tied his lines across the path here, and I have stumbled over them.

PISCATOR: Oh! he is a veritable pest, and he shall no more to the

angle with me! Doubtless he might make a most expert fisher, if he would make honesty his rod, meditation his line, temperance his hook, and the beautiful his bait; but out upon him for a pestilent fellow! But let us take this boat, which some good genius hath left, and cross to yonder shore. 'Tis beautiful to be upon the water of an autumn's day, and watch the dead leaves fall and float by our craft. So shall we, my scholars, ere long flutter in the wind, fall into the stream, and be borne to that great ocean which hath no tide, nor time, nor chart, nor haven!

POETA: The day draws near its death. How calm and still the sab-bath of the year, not even a bird to break the silence! And look you, where yon mountain of clouds looms over the dreary west, black, purple, crimson, and golden, mixed, intermixed, and commingled in unutterable splendor! Glory hath made its master-piece!

SCHOLIAST: Jump into the boat, into the boat; for I shall push off before it groweth darker.

PISCATOR: 'T was a brave push indeed. Sit still, Poeta, thou hast already half-filled the boat with water. I did not think it so small, or I had not ventured in it. Prithee, Scholiast, take to the oars, for thou art nearest them.

SCHOLIAST: True, my end of the boat is nearest shore, and I left the oars *there*. Soft, thou hast shipped water.

POETA: Lo! on the bank I see a man! He calleth for his boat. The current runneth very swift here, and draweth to the middle of the stream. What shall we do? I will make signals of distress!

PISCATOR: By my halidom! we are now shipped full of water, and 's death and blood! our boat sinks! Ugh! ugh! Thank heaven the stream is not over our heads, and we can wade to shore. The Susquehanna Angler hath need of great store of patience.

SCHOLIAST: Bless me! Poeta hath fallen! Ah! I have him. Thou art now thoroughly wet, which is luxurious, considering thou wert not drowned. Thou spoutest like a porpoise.

POETA: Ugh! ugh! whsh! ptzs! I am drowned!

PISCATOR: Here we are safe to shore, thank HEAVEN! A fair evening to thee, Mr. Waterman. PROVIDENCE preserve thy health! How are thy wife and little ones? I trust they are well.

WATERMAN: As for me and mine, we be well enough; but thou shalt pay me for my boat.

PISCATOR: In good sooth, so I would, but I have no money. To-morrow thou shalt come to yon village, and shalt inquire at the large inn for one honest Piscator. If he be not there, wait till he cometh. But shouldst thou wait many hours, think he is not coming, and look for one Venator, and he will give thee his note for thy boat's value.

POETA: Shouldst thou chance not to see him, I myself will *owe* it thee.

PISCATOR: And now the evening is come. We will return to our inn, where we will doff our dripping clothes, eat a warm and bountiful supper, and then, with blessings on our kind and jovial host, seek his snow-white sheets, which smell of lavender, and 'steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;' and some other day mayhap, to talk of the beautiful, we will, with quiet hearts and sweetly-speaking consciences, go *a-angling*.

G A I T E R B O O T S .

BY ROBIN RATTLEBRAIN, A.M.

I.

O DAINTY foot !
O gaiter-boot !
To piety you're shocking ;
I only know
Of one thing worse,
And that 's a snow-white stocking.

II.

So neat and clean,
Together seen,
E'en stoics must agree
To you to vote,
What GRAY once wrote,
A handsome L-E-G.

III.

The *lasting* theme
Of midnight dream,
The very *soul* of song ;
Man wants you little
Here below,
And never wants you long.

IV.

By PLATO ne'er
Sent tripping here ;
By PLUTO rather given,
To lead poor man
(An easy plan)
To any place but Heaven.

V.

Yet still I vow
There 's magic now
About a woman's foot,
And cunning was
The wizard hand
That made a gaiter-boot.

VI.

For while the knave
The gaiters gave
To mortals to ensnare them,
Mankind he hoaxed,
And even coaxed
The angels down to wear them.

MY FRIEND'S WIFE.

I AM a small man, and a painter — not of houses, or any thing of the *high-art* order — but a humble copyist of other men's ideas. Yes, sometimes I copy the human face divine, God's idea, but I am a humble and very obscure individual, yet I have not been denied emotions, aspirations, ay, and experiences, which I believe are generally supposed to be the property, the divine right of the more favored and highly-gifted of mankind.

Do not imagine, from my title, that I am a little monster, and that I coveted or ran away with my friend's wife. No :

‘THE desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow ;
The prayer for something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.’

Such, if I know myself, was my mental attitude toward *my* friend's wife.

I was standing before my easel in the gallery of the Louvre, copying a very sweet picture of an Italian boy, resting his head on his hand, and seemingly gazing into my eyes. There was something especially fascinating to me in this face, so child-like yet so dignified and poetic, as if childhood were not always dignified and poetic. It should be, but it is not. Wondering why I always perceived in that boy's face a familiar look, as if he were the child of a friend, I heard a lady speak behind me, in a tremulous voice, and say : ‘ How like him it is ! ’ I turned cautiously, (for the voice was very sweet,) and saw a lady in deep mourning, gazing with brimming eyes at my Italian boy, and by her side — no ! — yes ! — my countryman and friend, George Walton !

‘ George ! ’

‘ Jack ! ’

Certainly, my friend George and his wife. George had married since I left America, and I had lost sight of him, but we had been inseparable for years. They had arrived in Paris but a day or two before, and chance thus brought us together. He introduced his wife to me. What a smile she gave me ! What a world of beauty, of sweetness, of feminine grace there was in her manner and aspect as she said :

‘ George and I have often talked of you.’

I had been studying beauty for seven years. I had sought it in Greece, in Circassia, in nature and art. I had even sought to paint a gallery of beauty for myself. I had a beautiful Maltese (not kitten, but woman,) a Circassian, whom I stole at Broussa, (not the lady, but her face,) a Greek girl in costume, a Spanish dancer from the *Varietes*, an English girl who had turned Paris mad. I had too a French *grisette*, whom I thought not bad-looking ; but here was my art outstripped, my gallery made poor ; my country-woman out-did them all.

Lucy Walton was a blonde of the best quality. Her hair was rich and full of color, gold and brown yet fair ; her eyes were dark and full,

with dark lashes; her complexion perfect. Against her dress of solemn black, her face beamed like the evening-star against the night. She was tall and large, unlike her country-women. Her movements were quiet and graceful; she moved as if to music. I thought of the Venus of Milo.

'Jack, come and breakfast to-morrow morning,' said George; 'help us *do Paris*,' and he took me by the arm and led me away, leaving his wife standing before the picture.

'Poor girl! We lost our little boy six months ago; her first-born. That picture reminds her of him; she wants to look at it alone.'

Surely. I looked in my friend's face. It was true, the picture had reminded me of George, who, though no handsome man, had a face which was very dear to his friends, and a very interesting face to any one. It was a face melancholy in its general expression, with something poetic about the brow, which was high and white, and thinly furnished with fine silky hair. But it was capable of a smile more joyous and cheerful than any smile I ever saw, and was really handsome then. He was one of the men who know how to captivate women, or did it without knowing how. I remembered how Tom B —, the Apollo of his set, had entered society with George, and how George had put his candle out with all the fashionable girls. I remembered many and many instances of George's unexpected and unparalleled success with lovable women, and if he had a weakness, it was that he was a little proud of it.

But of course none of that appeared in his face or manner.

I did go and breakfast, not once, but often. I saw how happy they were in each other. Here, thought I, is Paradise. That woman weeps for her child, but they are tears that angels might shed but just outside the gates of heaven. No dreadful passion mingles with them; they but carry her to the companionship of holy thoughts. Life will again become beautiful to her. Look at my friend; young, fortunate, married to such a woman. Still the father of another child, this sorrow has but deepened and dignified his character.

I went much and often with Lucy to the galleries of art. How sweetly she pleaded ignorance, how she asked me to tell her what was good; how fine her natural sense of the true and beautiful! The poor little painter had never been in such company before. No one had treated him with the dignified friendliness of his new friend; he had never had a sister; he had never loved. Here was a woman he had not imagined, even in his dreams; a woman whose attractions were superlative, yet whose dignity and purity were such, that he had not dared to kiss the hem of her garments. They were delicious days; like all delicious days, they were few.

Calling one morning on the Waltons, Lucy introduced me to Mrs. Ogilvie, from New-York. Americans have a very bad way of associating with each other in Paris, by which they dilute their knowledge of foreign parts very essentially, so I was not astonished at Mrs. Ogilvie's being much with the Waltons. Mr. Ogilvie was a stupid young man, merely a pendant to his wife: but she was a character.

I was struck with her plainness. Now, it is something to be even

strikingly plain. I have known people whom you might see day in and day out, and not find it possible to fix in your memory ; people who at a *table d'hôte*, for instance, may sit in one place under your eye for months, and some day disappear, and not be any more missed than a white plate. Mrs. Ogilvie was not one of these. She had a good figure, was well dressed, and had a very animated style of conversation. Her face was disagreeable, excessively ; but you rather turned to look again, and see what made it so. Having discovered that, you rather liked the woman for not being discouraged by her face ; and her witty conversation and general cheerfulness made you, in the end, like Mrs. Ogilvie.

Yet you did not like Mrs. Ogilvie very long. She seemed to have very great powers of observation, and you some how felt as if a cat were in the room, (I hate cats,) and was looking at you with her green eyes, (Mrs. Ogilvie's eyes were green,) yet it was undefined to me, and I blamed myself considerably for it.

One day, as I was painting, I perceived Mrs Ogilvie walking in the gallery with George Walton. They came up to me. Mrs. Ogilvie began :

'Mr. Brown, (my name is Jack Brown,) I want this sweet picture you are at work on. It is like your little boy, Mrs. Walton says, and do you know, I think it like you ?' said Mrs. O., turning to George.

'No,' said George, looking at it sadly, 'my little son looked like Lucy.'

'But it is,' persisted Mrs. Ogilvie ; 'for I never saw your son, and I came into this gallery a week ago, and I said to Ross Brisbane : 'Do you know that picture looks like Mr. Walton ?' and he said : 'Pooh ! you think every thing looks like Mr. Walton.''

I saw a gratified expression creep over George's face ; it gave me pain. Mrs. Ogilvie ran on :

'So I may have this picture, Mr Brown ?'

'No, Madam ; this picture, if worthy when finished, I intend for Mrs. Walton,' was all I could reply.

Mrs. Ogilvie and I were enemies from that moment. A few days after, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, the Ogilvies, and myself were to dine together at the Waltons' rooms. Mrs. Ogilvie and Lucy stood at the window watching the gay scene outside. Some fête was passing. The fine music and brilliant pageant brought the color to Lucy's cheek. She was recovering her spirits somewhat, and stood smiling and handsome by Mrs. Ogilvie's side.

'On my word, how provokingly handsome you are to-day, Lucy Walton ; is n't she, Mr. Brown ? You must take off that black dress soon, and come out a gay Parisienne.'

Lucy darted away from the window ; the shaft had struck home. The allusion to the black dress had carried her back to the dear little suffering lost boy. Her cheek whitened, her eye filled. Mrs. Ogilvie put her arm round her and kissed her affectionately.

'I did n't think — how thoughtless ; forgive me, dear Lucy.'

But Lucy was quelled. She could not rouse herself, and Mrs. Ogilvie, all smiles, and repartee, and anecdote, reigned supreme.

Presently, George and Mr. Ogilvie came in. Mrs. Ogilvie was very *empressé* toward George. We were talking of the opera. Lucy wanted to go that evening, as the new *prima donna* would sing. Mrs. Ogilvie wanted to go to the American Minister's. George immediately began urging Lucy to go to the Minister's. She declined, looking at her dress. The end was, that George and the Ogilvies went to the Minister's, and Lucy remained at home.

The next day, as Mrs. Walton and I returned from a walk on the Boulevards, we met Mr. Ross Brisbane, who looked at Mrs. Walton admiringly. After leaving her at her rooms, I returned, and met that gentleman outside, pacing the pavement.

'Allow me to inquire, Brown, who's your fair friend?' said Brisbane.

'Mrs. Walton, of New-York.'

'Oh! I ought to know her; Miss Atherton formerly. I know her father. Suppose you take me to call?'

I excused myself just then, having an engagement; but I knew Ross Brisbane would get there soon enough without my help.

Mr. Ross Brisbane was a gentleman of fortune and family, (having grown-up children,) and a man of genius. He chose to be flippant and worldly, while he was capable of being much more. Like Lord George Bentinck, he could occasionally surprise the world with his knowledge of statistics, and really possessed more valuable information than any man I ever knew. Art, literature, history, science, all waited on his tongue. He was never at want for illustrations, the most felicitous and profound. His grasp of most subjects was immense. To hear him pour out his world of information; to hear him as he dealt grandly with a grand subject, was worth years of other men's conversation.

Mr. Ross Brisbane was not indifferent to the attractions of a handsome woman. Having nothing to do, he followed his instincts, and they led him frequently to the side of intellectual and beautiful women. He never talked so well as in their presence. A fine woman was the magnet which drew out all his best ideas. He was at the same time kindly and careless, liking me to-day, and you to-morrow; never failing to do an amiable thing when it came in his way; but frequently going out of his way to oblige some body, forgetting to-morrow that the individual ever existed. I have seen no one like him, so contradictory, so unique as he was.

But on one subject he was consistent. If a handsome woman came in his way, he was infallible; so I was not surprised when I found on Mrs. Walton's table next day the card of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

'Did you see him?' I inquired.

'Oh! yes. We talked of home, of father, and much of Mr. Brisbane's travels. What a charming man he is! I knew his daughter, but I have never seen him before. I assure you I have passed a charming morning.'

Next day, enter Mr. Ross Brisbane with tickets for some not-easily-to-be-entered place.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and carriages for St. Cloud.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and invitations to dinner.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and something else. Mr. Jack Brown's

farthing-candle was somewhat put out by the superior Fresnel-light of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

Meantime, I saw Lucy's cheek color and grow pale as Mrs. Ogilvie gradually and effectually drew George to her side ; and one day as George entered with a flushed face, and proposed that he should run down into Switzerland for four days with the Ogilvies, leaving her in Paris, she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if he could be so cruel as to go and leave her alone.

'Why, Lucy dear, you said you were not strong enough to go.'

'Neither am I, George, just now ; I have a cold, but it will be well soon.'

'And then we will go together again, dear,' said George.

Lucy rose from her sofa, and looking very fully in his face, said : 'George, if you go with the Ogilvies, and leave me here alone, I will take the first steamer home, and you may continue your travels without me.'

George looked at her angrily. *I* was in a remarkably pleasing position. Why are there not trap-doors built in every house, down which unfortunate witnesses of domestic collisions may retreat and hide their damaged heads?

The Switzerland party did not come off. Evidently the little scene I had witnessed was prolonged after I left the house ; for George did not follow Mrs. Ogilvie quite so assiduously.

The Waltons* went to Italy. Mrs. Ogilvie and Mr. Ross Brisbane amused themselves with each other. Mr. Brisbane, however, quite unlike himself, remembered Mrs. Walton with great interest.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I never met exactly such a woman. She is very ardent, very susceptible to *impressions*, but not to *people*. She is very bright too, almost as much so as the Ogilvie, though not quite so courageous in her talk. The Ogilvie, Brown, is not afraid of any thing. She takes hold of nearly all subjects ; she is very piquant, highly spiced. I don't wish that donkey, Ogilvie, joy of her, however.'

Then Mr. Brisbane, who was never abusive, but always good-natured, went off into a discussion or rather soliloquy as to the necessity of a fine woman being admired ; how natural and proper that she should wish it ; and finally lost himself in an eloquent and admirable imagining of Cleopatra.

A year, with all its tremendous changes, had passed between my conversation with Mr. Brisbane and the time at which I take up my story, and I, wiping my palette and brushes, had come home. The party, whose acquaintance I have somewhat sketched in the above papers, had preceded me by a few months.

I went to my friend's house and inquired for Mrs. Walton. Over the piano hung my little picture, which had led to our acquaintance. It had been, during Mrs. Walton's absence in Italy, exquisitely framed in white and gold, with these words of Longfellow in white *relievo*, on a gold ground :

'THERE is no fire-side, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair ;
There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there,'

underneath the picture, and Mrs. Walton found it hanging in her room when she returned, all through the taste and kindness of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

Mrs. Walton was changed, and, to me, not for the better. She was more gayly dressed; her color was high, and her conversation was of the gay amusements of the day. She asked me to dine, saying George was going to the opera, and I must content myself with a quiet evening with her.

'And are you not going?' I asked.

'Oh! no. We are too European to go together anywhere,' said she, with a laugh.

In the evening, as Mrs. Walton complained of a headache, I walked with George to the opera. Our seats being in the parquette, I could but notice how George watched the house instead of the stage, and during the first *entre acte*, I missed him. In taking the tour of the house, however, I found in the second tier, in a dark but very convenient box, Mrs. Ogilvie, and George hanging over the edge of the box, talking very earnestly.

It had become one of those notorious flirtations which the town looks on and speculates about. I heard Jimmy Baird say, as I passed that young exquisite: 'Do see the Ogilvie to-night; isn't she a feminine spider, and is n't Walton a willing fly?'

Presently, George went round and entered her box; the conversation grew more confidential. Here, then, was the man I loved, the husband of the most beautiful of women, in the toils of this ugly enchantress, this Circe, whose spells I longed to break.

AND NOW, if I may take the privilege of a story-teller, and give, in their natural order, the events of my story, I must look for a moment into the deep recesses of a woman's heart, and lay bare some of its hidden secrets.

Lucy Walton was suffering the cruel pangs of jealousy. She had seen day by day the man she loved grow cold toward her. She had seen his smiles, his love reserved for some one who had no claim to those treasures, no joy in them save the joy of triumph. Far as the heaven is above the earth had she held this man's love from suspicion or distrust. Dear as her own life was the sacred honor of her husband; but deadly, certain, indisputable was his treachery. She had seen from the first fatal smile that crept to George's face, to the present moment, when he rapidly hid from her the notes in a small feminine hand, the design and success of Mrs. Ogilvie. She had hoped, she had prayed, nay, even more, she had told her husband of his danger; but he heard not. The voice of the charmer was in his ear, and he closed it from his wife, ay, from his conscience, and from his God.

And as if the day were not sufficiently weary to this poor woman, her little child, her last surviving boy, fell sick. He grew worse, and she watched, 'with a pale cheek, but yet a brow inspired,' beside his bed-side. George Walton was for a moment snatched from his delusion by the illness of his child; yet the man was changed, and his better nature seemed to shine out but rarely.

One evening, he looked into the sick-chamber, where Lucy sat, tearfully watching the suffering boy, and as he turned to go out, Lucy caught his hand and said: 'Do stay, dear George. I am faint and weary. Share my vigils to-night, dearest husband; it will refresh me.'

But he disengaged himself, and on a plea of an engagement, left the room and the house.

As the outer door closed on him, Lucy threw herself on the floor in a passionate fit of tears. Life seemed too hard for her. She was not a patient child of sorrow; she loved life and craved happiness. She was not content to give up all, the husband so dearly loved, the child so ardently cherished, the world, to her before so full of happiness. Despair seemed pulling at her heart. She threw open the window and gasped for air.

At this moment her old nurse entered the room and said:

'Mr. Brisbane is down-stairs, Ma'am, and I hope you will go and see him; I will stay with little George.'

Lucy composed herself, and took a sudden determination. She arranged her dress, wiped the traces of her agitation from her face as well as possible, and looked at her little child. He was sleeping quietly, and seemed better.

She went down to see Mr. Brisbane. In a short time she returned, and told the astonished nurse that she should dress and go out a short time with Mr. Brisbane. She gave some directions about the sick child, and left the room.

Lucia was to be played. I was gazing at the rapidly-filling house, when I saw Mrs. Ogilvie creep like a shadow into her box. Not many minutes after, George entered and took his seat by her side. The opera began. While the first act was on, I observed a stir in a private box near the stage, and a lady entered, superbly dressed, followed by Mr. Ross Brisbane. It took me several minutes to determine that this dazzling person was Mrs. Walton, yet so it was. Before the curtain dropped, several of the beaux had made the discovery, and were leveling their lorgnettes at her, as astronomers contemplate a new star. She was very animated, and looked superbly. Her seat commanded the house, and she saw her husband's position from the first.

Man after man poured in to speak to her. Mr. Ross Brisbane stood behind her chair, looking much pleased with his prize. At this moment, George Walton walked down the parquette, and as he came near me, he first observed the private box.

He sat down by me and took his lorgnette from his pocket.

'How much that woman looks like Lucy — at least as she did,' said he to me.

'It is not remarkable, since it is she,' said I, feeling thoroughly angry with him.

My feelings changed as I looked at him. His face seemed to have suffered a collapse. Every feature was convulsed with his internal emotions.

He could not believe it.

He had left her at home but an hour before, watching her sick child.

Leaning over her shoulder at that moment was Tom Bird, the gambler, to be sure one of Mrs. Ogilvie's friends, but a man George Walton would have never permitted his wife to speak to.

He looked a moment with glaring eyes, and started from his seat. I rose and took his arm.

'George,' I urged, 'remember where you are; control yourself a moment.'

I got him outside the door.

'The woman's mad!' said he, 'to leave her dying child, to come here with Ross Brisbane. *I'll kill him!* miserable old coxcomb! To talk to Tom Bird in that intimate sort of way! To dress herself too in that style! I'll go and ask her, in the face of all of them, what she means. I'll go and do it.'

I held him fast. 'Remember, George, the ridicule which attaches itself to a jealous husband. All these men will pursue your wife much more closely if they find they can torment you. It gives them an additional pleasure.'

It was very worldly advice, but *it told*, and my friend composed himself, and we went together to his wife's presence.

When we entered the box, Mrs. Walton bowed to both of us with a perfectly unconstrained manner, and went on talking to Mr. Bird, who kept his place by her side.

George bent over him, and said to her: 'I did not know of your intention of coming.'

'You did not ask me if I was coming,' was her reply.

He rose abruptly and left the box. I followed. As we edged our way through the narrow passages, we heard Mr. Ross Brisbane talking with a gay knot of men about Mrs. Walton.

'Have you seen my bird of Paradise, my charming discovery? — a woman worth knowing, foolishly domestic, but coming out, coming out. I assure you there is something there worth having.'

'Wife of flirtatious George,' said Jimmy Baird.

At that moment, young Bob Clarkson met us, and told George that Mrs. Ogilvie had sent him for Mr. Walton, and demanded him immediately.

'Tell Mrs. Ogilvie I have an instant reason for leaving the house, and cannot see her,' was his reply.

The long silence that ensued between us when we reached the street was first broken by me.

'George, I think you show a very remarkable degree of emotion for a very common-place occurrence. What is there in the least remarkable about your wife's going to the opera?'

George groaned.

'The last thing I did before leaving my house was to visit her in my son's room, where I found her busied, as she should be, in taking care of him. A woman's duty is at home, and there should her pleasure be; and does it not show duplicity, heartlessness, and — God forgive me! I am speaking of my wife. Forget it, Jack; my wife has always been an angel, and I have never had one moment's cause to reproach her;

but the surprise, the agony of to-night ! verily I feel as if all the vagabonds in town had broken into my house and rifled it !'

'George,' said I, 'is Mrs. Ogilvie an intellectual person ?'

'No, not particularly. Why ?'

'Because I was wondering what her fascination was.'

'Well, I cannot tell you. She is certainly very charming, always bright, and very much a friend of mine. She is not happily married, you know. Her husband is a fool, and she is driven to the acquaintance of other men to find that which she cannot find at home — appreciation and sympathy.'

'Do you know, George, that Jimmy Baird and others think she has found some very keen appreciation in you ?'

'No ; I have not got into the mouths of Jimmy and company, have I ?'

'Decidedly ; and if your wife goes on in attracting attention as you have done, I think you will become a very fashionable pair.'

We had reached George's house. As we ascended the steps, George begged me to come in. I knew very well why, and rather wished to get away ; for I did not like to see the meeting which was to take place.

However, I went in, and saw by the light in the hall how haggard and distorted his face was. He walked into the parlor and threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. Presently, he started up and ran up the stairs.

'How is the little boy ?' I asked when he came down.

'Very well,' he answered, and buried his face again in his hands.

An hour passed in silence ; then, as the carriages rattled by, he walked to the window and watched.

The bell rang, and Mrs. Walton and Mr. Brisbane came in, talking and laughing gayly. I heard her ask the servant at the door about the little boy. He answered that he had slept quietly all the evening.

She came into the parlor and bowed to us playfully, and went on talking of the opera with great enthusiasm. There was not the slightest trace of emotion in her face. If she had done the same thing every night in her life she could not have been more cool and composed.

Mr. Brisbane began asking George, (who had struggled into something like composure,) if he did not admire his enterprise in carrying off his wife, and if he had been there to see how superb she was, and so on.

George muttered something about surprise and gratification ; but Mr. Brisbane, who never listened to any one, was by that time addressing some remark to Mrs. Walton.

We left together, Mr. Brisbane and myself, and that gentleman entertained me on my way home with an account of Mrs. Walton's charms.

I was not surprised, but Mrs. Ogilvie was, to see Mrs. Walton frequently at the opera ; to meet and hear of her everywhere in society ; to see her gayly dashing up and down Broadway, the most brilliant woman on that brilliant street ; for I thought I saw the determination she had taken ; but I was shocked to see the state of feeling which had grown up between herself and her husband. George followed her

about with his eyes, and stood often looking loweringly at her, as she talked and laughed with the Jimmy Bairds of the fashionable world. When they spoke together, it was in the coldest tone, and I observed that she never seemed at all aware of his presence.

Mrs. Ogilvie was furious. Even her malignity could find no flaw in Lucy Walton's beauty; no defect in her dress, that more important feature of New-York success. Even George cared no more for Mrs. Ogilvie. His entire neglect of her struck no one but me; for Mrs. Ogilvie's admirers were not apt to remain very constant, and the cessation of a flirtation does not interest the town, as its continuance does. But little Jack Brown, whom no body saw, saw a great deal from his quiet corner, and the glances of Mrs. Ogilvie's green eyes, half-shut and stealthy as they were, were not lost on me.

One evening Mrs. Ogilvie beckoned Tom Bird to her, and I observed this worthy pair talking earnestly to each other, and looking occasionally at Mrs. Walton, and at George.

Mrs. Walton had dropped Tom Bird. If it was her pleasure, for some reason of her own, to seem a gay and frivolous woman, she did not choose to sully herself by contact with this gambler, this man admitted into good society only on account of his family and wealth, and she dropped him. Mrs. Ogilvie saw it all, and, nursing Tom Bird's wrath to keep it warm, determined to use him for her own amiable designs.

Standing near her at supper, I heard her say: 'There is a subtle craving for excitement in Walton's nature. Does he ever play?'

'No,' said Bird, looking interested. 'I thought him a kind of fish, and only animated by your brightness.'

I passed on, looking back admiringly on the woman whose brain had so quickly and quietly plotted her revenge.

George Walton was precisely in the frame of mind to be led into dissipation. His home was wretched, his wife had ceased to love him, his conscience told him that he had deserved the whole. Yet, desirous of drowning the unwelcome reflection that he had sacrificed, by the indulgence of a foolish vanity, more than most men ever possessed, he began to cultivate the society of free-living men, men who know much and feel little, men who have the good digestion and bad heart of the proverb. In this state Tom Bird found him and cultivated him.

There is little need to describe the suppers he ate, the orgies at which he assisted, or the slow but certain way in which he reached the card-table. New-York needs no developments of this kind. They speak daily in the haggard faces of her young men, men who should be the 'expectancy of the fair state,' but who are the effeminate offspring of a selfish luxury, such as marked Rome before she fell, such as sapped Palmyra in her glory. God avert *their* fate from our young land!

George had never been a puritanical young man; he had indulged in those amusements proper and common among young men; but he had early and always observed the delicate line where amusement ends and debauchery begins.

Since his marriage, his life had been too full of happiness for him to care much for outside amusement; but after his fatal entanglement with

Mrs. Ogilvie, he had lost that rectitude of purpose and nice honor which marked his character originally.

Now he was desperate. Excitement could not be purchased at too high a price, and he paid fearfully for what he got; for he bought it with his honor, and with the price of his plighted word.

Now came Mrs. Ogilvie's triumph. Lucy Walton had not calculated on this, and although she still reigned, beautiful and admired, there came an unmistakable shadow on her brow, and a look of uneasiness and fear which art could not hide. Mrs. Ogilvie was always near when George entered late, flushed with wine, with the gay men of the town, and marked her heavy breathing and contracted brow. This was her hour of triumph. This the great and good work she had achieved.

FAR away in the hopeful future lay that which should bring all these tangled threads straight; far away, yet near; far from our thoughts, yet near our foot-steps, walking with us hand-in-hand in the broad sunshine, and in the night calling to us when no man expecteth — the angel of Death walketh side-by-side with us always.

And to whom, in all this gay and laughing world, has he called now? Can he enter here, amid all this tumultuous life, this music, this festivity? Cannot all this light, this laughter, this gorgeous house, these guests keep him away? Does not beauty appeal to him? does not youth touch him? No: he lays his cold hand on Lucy Walton.

Slowly, through weeks of warning, Lucy Walton recognized her doom. I know not how it came, whether pain brought the fatal message, whether sleepless nights and restless days revealed it to her; but she felt that Death was coming, and when her physician laid his hand on her tell-tale pulse, and himself turned pale with the dreadful conviction, she looked calmly in his face, and said, 'I knew it.'

But the angel of Death came not alone: with him came the angel of Consolation. Into that restless heart of hers came hope, and love, and peace. A joy which the world cannot take away came to this lovely creature, who laid her down to die a death of such suffering that, had it been foretold to a marshal of Napoleon's army, a man brave to a proverb, he would have put his pistol to his head rather than linger in its torture.

It brought her hope, hope of another life — a life she had read about and believed in; that life which our Bible tells us of, and our preachers discourse upon, but which she now *lived*. It was no distant thing now. It was a land she must visit in a few weeks, and it looked bright and near to her.

It brought her love, it brought back her husband to her. The days of their young and innocent love returned to them, ere the serpent had entered and left its trail over their joys. By her side, holding her already pale hand, sat George, saddened but strong, and himself again, reading to her, consoling her, sustaining her, as none could do but a man whose heart was right, and whose soul worth saving, even though the weakness of poor human nature had sometimes triumphed over him and led him astray, astray!

It brought her peace. The world had brought her much. She had

tasted of its purest pleasures, its deepest emotions. She had been admired and beloved; the sweet pleasures of home, of domestic happiness, had been hers; the delicious experiences of the heart, the rapture of maternal love, the triumphs of beauty and of intellect, all, and more, had mingled in her cup; but she had never tasted that *peace* that now, like a ministering spirit, seemed to live near her and fan her brow with its soft wings.

Her illness was not all suffering. In her hours of ease she often moved to a sofa in the library, and there saw her friends. To that room, consecrated by the most heavenly presence, I was often permitted to come.

Earth seemed to have faded from her almost entirely.

One day her little boy sat by her, looking sadly on her recumbent figure, as if he knew that all was not right.

'Come, dear Mamma, and dance with me, as you used,' he said.

She tenderly laid her hand upon his head, and commenced showing him some pictures which she had near her.

'See, Georgy, see this picture of a little boy walking along a rough path, and see what great hollows there are on both sides. But see this sweet angel who stands behind him with her wings, and her hands gently touch his little shoulders, and keep him from falling down those ugly pits. That is the little boy's guardian-angel, such an one as my little boy will have.'

The child was interested, and his mind was attracted from his mother's sick face and figure.

When he left the room, she showed me the lovely German print which she had just shown the boy.

'You may see one reason why I look forward so calmly to my separation from my child. The eyes of faith are so clear that I can almost see the angel who walks perpetually by his side.'

'Do you feel the ties of earth to weaken as you approach a brighter world?' I asked.

'No; they grow stronger. As the affections spring from that which is immortal in us, they must brighten as the soul nears its own atmosphere. But we see with new eyes the grand harmony of God's laws, and separations are to me so clearly the 'good-night' greeting, so surely to be followed by a blissful 'good-morning!' that they are not painful, as they were once to me.'

Sometimes I touched the chords of an organ which stood in the hall. The fine strains of Handel, or the majestic thoughts of Beethoven, seemed fitting accompaniments to the perpetual hymn which floated upward from the nobly-resigned heart so soon to be stilled, so soon to pass away from us for ever.

Reader, in my studio you will find a picture of a beautiful woman lying on a couch. Her face wears an expression such as you have seen in the *Saint Cecilia* of the old pictures. The fair hands are clasped over a book which lies on her breast. The long brown hair floats over the cushion, even to the floor. Over her head hangs that well-known picture of Saint Catharine, being borne to heaven in the arms of angels.

There is little suffering in that face, but there is divine renunciation, that beatific radiance which we seldom see, save in the faces of the dead.

So did I last see Lucy Walton, and so do I daily see her; for the picture has never been finished, and day by day I work at it, and shall, until my work on earth is done for ever.

George, my friend, comes often to look at it. The beautiful hours which we spent by her side have taken away from us the sting and the horror of death. Although to him, and (if I may mention myself in the same breath) to me, has her death taken out of life that which made it bright and desirable, yet her death has shown us how much there is for us to do ere we are fitted and prepared to meet her again.

I found one day as I came into my studio, a lady sitting before the picture. I could not see her face as I entered, but on moving nearer, I recognized Mrs. Ogilvie, weeping bitterly.

T H E T W O K E Y S .

I HAVE read in some ancient story
Of a city, renowned and grand,
Whose deeds of valor and glory
Were mentioned in every land.

The walls of that city spacious
Were massive, and broad, and high,
And 't was said that its people gracious
Were the children of the sky.

And its gates with brass encrusted
Would their ample leaves unfold,
Though the hinges were heavy and rusted,
At the touch of a key of gold.

And 't was said if that key should ever
Be lost or taken away,
The quaint old city would never
Rejoice in a happy day.

One eve, in the sun-set's shimmer,
When the day was almost done,
And the gloaming, dimmer and dimmer,
Was slowly stealing on:

There came to that city olden,
A stranger, in armor bright,
Who took the key all golden
In the sad and dusky night.

Then a terrible desolation
On the doomed city fell,
And its sweetest consolation
Were the notes of its funeral knell:

For bound by a spell to their places,
Stood its people, a fearful throng,
Till stony and still were their faces,
And withered and dead each tongue.

Oh! long has the gloom invaded
The place where that city stood ;
For the sun-shine of heaven has faded,
And gone is the smile of God.

I HAVE dreamed in midnight slumbers
Of one, to whose life of thought
There came, in majestic numbers,
Bright visions, in beauty wrought.

And grand were the castles he builded
In the wide-spread realms of fame,
As he sought for the life that had gilded
The path of the good man's name.

And his heart, whose better emotion
Was kindled in heaven above,
Would open in true devotion
To the golden key of love.

And 't was known if that key should ever
Be lost or stolen away,
His life would be sorrow for ever,
The darkness without the day.

And thus while his hours were passing
In the calmness of good employ,
And his mind was ever amassing
The treasures without alloy :

There came to his ear while he pondered^d
A voice, to whose gentle sway
He yielded his heart, as he wondered,
And the key was stolen away.

Then all of his thoughts were sadness,
And all his emotions pain,
When the gloom which follows the gladness
Had shadowed his wearied brain.

For ruined was every affection,
And the demons of hate and care
Had palsied each kind reflection,
And blackened each image fair.

And the smile of friendship shall never
His soul with its pleasures move ;
For the heart is dead for ever,
And gone is the key of love.

Troy, (N. Y.,) July 19, 1855.

B. R. H.

A STORY OF HEMLOCK-HILL.

AUNT TABITHA STRONG would have made a capital 'woman's-rights' woman, if she could only get time to attend the conventions. She had the spirit and power, but not according to knowledge; so what she lacked on one side was made up on the other. She was the mother of four as large boys of their age as might be expected at this day, and the guardian of an orphan girl, the only legacy bequeathed to her from a deceased neighbor, a distant relative of Aunt Tabitha's husband: and they all dwelt on Hemlock-Hill.

Aunt Tabby, as we used to call her, was a born Yankee lady, rather tall, and to all appearance as square as a brick. I used to look at her as she moved about the house, and wonder if she would break if she should happen to bend in a wrong direction. Every thing was said and done in the same square, hard way, whether it consisted in saying the Lord's prayer, which she did every morning after breakfast, or in punishing the boys, by making them hold chips between their teeth; and they would as soon have had their teeth all pulled out as to have dropped one till she bid them.

Another remarkable feature about Aunt Tabitha was, that she could never change. She had the same rules, the same old maxims, such as, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss' — 'morse,' she called it; 'A stitch in time saves nine'; 'Early to bed,' etc., that were transmitted to her from her grand-mothers; and it was impossible for her to walk in any other direction but the same old time-worn path, day after day, and year after year. How her heart was ever changed is only known to the mysteries of a higher power, though I believe that event took place at the youthful period of her christening, (who would have dreamed that she had ever been an infant?) when the solemn word, 'Tabitha!' was pronounced by the good minister. She had ever since been one of the strongest kind of orthodox, and preached it to Uncle Joe and the boys as regular as clock-work. Uncle Joe took it reverently, as a matter of course; for he was also a church-member, though his piety was of the strangest kind, Aunt Tabby said: and no wonder she thought so, for while she appropriated every spare cent to the use of the Bobtayle Missionary Society, Uncle Joe was silently bestowing his upon the poor heathen near his own door. Many were the blessings he received when his back was turned; for he never stopped to listen to them.

Little Phebe, the orphan girl, who was growing up under the proper care of Aunt Tabitha, was a gem of a creature, with sweet blue eyes and sunny-brown ringlets, which had been repeatedly 'shingled' to suit Aunt Tabby's taste; but 't was of no use; they would n't grow straight, let her do what she would to straighten them. Aunt Tabby really believed she would lose her soul by the means of 'them air wicked curls,' but she would clear *her* skirts, she would do *her* duty at any rate; so I suppose she did.

Phebe had always been a very 'improper' child. She had often been known to run away down to the brook at the foot of the hill, and follow

round little Joe, Jr., who would catch fishes with a pin, and when he was lucky enough to catch one, would tease it away from him and throw it back into the water, 't was so cruel to see them die so. Then she knew all the birds'-nests around there, and would n't tell Joe either, and would feed the birds, too, echo back the songs of the robins, and laugh to think how she cheated them; then when she *must* go home, would just stop on the door-step and smooth out the dimples with her hand, press her rosy lips tightly, and walk in as properly as she could; for it seemed like going to church, every thing looked so solemn.

Phebe had now reached the age of fourteen, and had never been farther than the village, though living within ten miles of the 'city.' Aunt Tabby thought it a dreadful sinful place — a perfect Sodom; but Parson Jones' 'darter' was going there to spend a whole year at school, and why could n't Phebe go too? This was a strong reason, and finally prevailed, on condition that she should work, so as to pay her own board. Aunt Tabby's oldest boy was going there to study to be a missionary, and he would certainly report her doings to his anxious mother.

'Good-bye, Aunt Tabby,' said Phebe after getting on her bonnet and things. 'Good-bye, Phebe! Remember what I tell you, that you must go and set under the sanctuary every Sunday with Miss Jones and Ezekiel. That 'A stitch in time saves nine;' 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;' also a girl. You cannot serve God and be a mammon; now do n't forget to remember;' and Aunt Tabby lifted up her two hands and laid them down again, as though she would spread her remarks over her like a blanket, and with another stately good-bye, which Phebe did n't hear, she withdrew into the house, while Phebe, Miss Jones, and the said Ezekiel drove slowly down to the city. As old Dobbin was not remarkable for swiftness, the way seemed long to the two girls, who would gladly have got out and run. They knew they could walk much the fastest. And then there were wild-roses, honeysuckles, and almost every thing growing along the hedges to make bouquets of, that Miss Bessy could carry to sister Mary's two children; so at last out she flew, with Phebe following in her foot-steps, to the utter amazement of Ezekiel, who supposed they had fallen, till he heard their ringing laughs behind him.

They reached the residence of Mrs. Bates about noon. Phebe was really taken by surprise to see so many happy smiling faces. No one appeared to be so very 'proper' as she had expected; for they were all cheerful, and gay as ever she and Bessy Jones were, away from Aunt Tabby's. The children pulled the flowers to pieces on the nice carpet, and danced around the room in about the same style and attitude that she had practised on the side of Hemlock-Hill.

'How I shall like to live here!' said Phebe. 'It seems just like a home exactly.'

'Well, come up to my room — to *our* room — for you are going to be my room-mate, and we'll have such glorious times!' said Bessy, running up to Phebe and kissing her face all over, not forgetting the tip of her nose.

Poor Phebe actually laughed till she cried; for the tears *did* come, though not such as she used to shed, when no one seemed to care for her

but good Uncle Joe. She had a friend now to laugh with, as well as to cry with.

Six months had glided rapidly away, and Phebe had grown very like a lady, though as gay as when she roved through the meadows, and sang bird-songs among the shadows of the old trees by the brook. Uncle Joe had visited her often; for 'he had so much business to do at the city now-a-days,' Aunt Tabby said, she never knew the like of it; there wasn't any thing in the village to be bought, or sold either, and had n't been since Phebe went away.

Bessy Jones has gone home on a visit, and I shall take the liberty to copy off the 'note' she promised to send Phebe, as it has blown out of the window.

'DEAREST PHEBE: I arrived home safe as might be expected, not having met with a single adventure, or any thing that looked like one. How ridiculous! when I was prepared for any emergency, and then nothing to happen! Well, I never expect to see any thing fiercer than a squirrel, so I shan't waste my imagination any more in this Don Quixotic manner. I arrived safe, as I said before, and found every thing exactly as it used to be. The trees and hills in the same old places, and every thing is as familiar as you could expect. Isn't that charming? I have been very busy about the garden since I have been here, arranging the plants, which I have done so far to my satisfaction. It is lovely, indeed! I shall take a few of them when I return, to remind me of this very happy nest among the 'Hemlock-Hills,' though there don't happen to be any more hemlocks here than maples, or any other kind of trees; I suppose, though, we may as well call it after Uncle Joe's farm, as there is nothing particular in a name, and it always has been called so, and, I presume, always will be.

'Oh! I must tell you about a young gent who is here rusticating — a minister papa invited home with him. He is very handsome, though I have hardly looked at him yet; but he has such fine eyes — you never saw any thing like them. But then it is nothing to me what eyes he has, nor who he looks at with them. He walks in the garden a great deal, but I am sure I shan't walk there as long as he does. I just stepped out there about two hours ago to see to the plants, and, do n't you think, I had n't been there two minutes before I met him right in my path: where he came from I cannot imagine, nor do I care, either; should you?

'I almost forgot to tell you how I went over a minute to see Aunt Tabby. Well, I did. So I told her you were taking music-lessons. 'What!' said she, 'on the pioneer?' 'Yes,' said I, 'just for fun, you know; I should n't wonder if she brought him home with her some time.' 'Him! what! is it a male?' said she, opening her wide eyes: 'Well, I declare, I never knowed there was two kinds of pioneers before.' She said she hoped you would n't do more than what you could work and pay for. 'Oh! no,' said I, 'of course not.' Uncle Joe sees to that, don't he, Phebe?

'There, the tea-bell is ringing. I have got to go and sit right opposite Mr. Manly. If I was n't so very hungry I would wait. Good-bye,

now, dear, old, good-for-nothing darling! Write and tell me every thing, and I will you. I shall go back in a few weeks, or as soon as I can possibly.

‘Has Mr. Brown brought you any new books or music? YOUR BESSY.’

Yes, indeed; Mr. Brown considers it his duty as a teacher to select ‘new books and music’ for Miss Phebe, of course, and he thinks it much more proper to take them to her himself than to trust them with some careless person who took no interest in them whatever — very proper, indeed. And so, from motives of ‘interest and duty,’ would he press her hand, and once or twice he dared to kiss her fair cheek, from the same motives, of course, as they stood one evening by the window, gazing at the full moon, so gem-like and beautiful. What a long time he stood there, so close to that little trembling heart, his arm just around her waist, and looking love — no, duty — into those eyes, instead of looking at the moon and stars, as an astronomer should! What would the ‘committee’ have said, could they only have popped in at that auspicious moment?

And Phebe was happy, and proud of the ‘appreciation’ of her teacher; it was just like her. She always thought that pupils must love and obey their instructors, and she really could not help loving so kind and affectionate a friend as he had ever been to her; and not long before the merry days of Christmas, he had asked her to be his wife, which she had, like an obedient girl, consented to, after another year of happy school-days had passed.

She would now strive to prepare herself for future usefulness. It was surprising how strong her young heart grew; what great thoughts she had, for her; how she would strive to be a fit companion for him who was in her eyes the perfection of goodness and greatness, and to whom her heart and soul were united. He was a world to her, and she would read, write, study for him, and so would keep all these things in her heart, just as though dear Mr. Brown could n’t read her every thought, as easy as he could ‘Webster’s Dictionary.’

Bessy, charming Bessy, was seated there in her chamber with an open letter in her hand. She had tried to persuade herself and Phebe that she did n’t care two cents whether she ever heard from that Mr. Manly or not. To be sure, he was quite agreeable, and she really did n’t know what she should have done without him to talk to, it was so lonely out there in the country; and as for those dried roses, so nicely laid away to look at, she only kept them for the fun of it. Now, with that dear, precious letter before her, she attempts to read; her eyes are overflowing, and, half-laughing, half-crying, looks up to see if Phebe is watching her, who did *happen* to be looking that way just then.

‘You will have a chance to see Mr. Manly, Phebe; he is coming here next week.

‘He isn’t coming to see you, nor nothing, I don’t suppose,’ said Phebe.

‘Oh! well, perhaps so,’ she answered; ‘but I don’t think he’ll do any harm; he’s very docile.’

‘Yes, but he’ll frighten away Ezekiel, and that dashing young fel-

low, Jarvis ; and perhaps there 'll be a challenge, or a suicide, and a miraculous escape of the victim, and great excitement all round,' said Phebe, laughing.

'Oh ! what a heroine I would make, would n't I ?' said Bessy. 'Let's see : black hair and eyes, ruddy-looking cheeks, a plenty of teeth, and rejoices in the dignified and aristocratic name of Bessy Jones. Well, I must try and be romantic after this.'

Ezekiel did get rather scared away when he found Miss Bessy had a particular star of her own she was looking up to all the time ; but Jarvis very boldly inquired into the affair, and told his companions afterward that 't'was dem'd cool for Miss Jones to turn her attention upon such a dem'd specimen as that was. But who cares ?' said he ; and seizing a segar quite fiercely, he finally puffed himself into tolerable good-humor with the 'specimen,' Miss Bessy, and the world generally. So I was told.

'Well, Tabitha,' said Uncle Joe one day, 'Phebe is going to marry her teacher, Brown, and I suppose they may as well have it done here as anywhere, if you have no objections.'

'Bless my soul !' said she, raising her hands as usual, and repeating a variety of squares and triangles ; 'I always knew she would. I knew if she did n't, she'd marry some body just as good, if not better. I always expected it. To be sure, she shall come here ; 'ain't this her home, that she is going to have as long as I do ?'

'Oh ! yes ;' said Joe, 'but it appears she won't need it after Christmas.'

'Well, it's hers just as long as it's mine,' said Tabitha. 'Charity begins at home.' I always knew she'd come back here like the prodigal son did, so as to eat, and drink, and be merry ;' and she looked as benevolent as though she was the respected parent, and had already given her two 'fatted calves.'

A few weeks after, and we see Miss Phebe the inmate of the long-deserted farm-house on the hill. Aunt Tabby considers her quite an object of respect. Bessy, too, is there, and they are conspiring together how to turn over a new leaf in the old premises.

They have stolen away into the spare-room, otherwise, parlor, and have silently pulled down the time-worn paper curtains, and put up some nice muslin ones in their place. The little black profiles that some stray 'genius' had cut out of velvet for Aunt Tabby and her ancestors, are deposited in one of her sacred drawers, together with a 'sampler,' set in a highly-ornamental frame, which she boasted as her needle-work. There was the alphabet, in very large capital letters, a picture of Noah's ark, and a representation of the whale once inhabited by Jonah, besides something that was meant for the ten commandments, all of which were revealed in the colors of the rainbow, though time, which had destroyed something of its brightness, had left a large predominance of yellow, particularly in the whale. Even the little hole-in-the-wall, otherwise, china-closet, underwent a revolution. Aunt Tabby, suspecting something wrong somewhere, from young Joe's manœuvres, hurried round to find out what it was ; and, stepping rather suddenly into the parlor, there she stood. Bessy thought she had been

converted into salt ; but 't was no such thing ; her senses had left her for a few minutes, and before they had quite returned, Phebe had led her to the old arm-chair near the table, placed the 'cricket' at her feet, and begged of her to look at some books which she had brought with her.

As soon as the old lady could, she stood upright, and said, ' she hoped they was n't going to turn her house into a den of thieves ; ' and she looked solemnly to where the sampler was n't.

' Oh ! no,' said Phebe ; ' there is n't a thief here, so don't be alarmed. Sit right down now and take this book ; we have so much to do, we can't waste time.'

' What *air* you going to do ? what *air* you ? ' said Aunt Tabby, desperately.

' Why, do n't sit there looking at daggers in the air,' said Phebe ; ' see how pleasant it is ; and there 's Uncle Joe now, coming with the furniture.'

' What ! ' said Tabitha, and she rose up and sat down again six times ; wiped her nose and spectacles, and wondered what would happen next. After looking around in amazement, from which it seemed impossible for her to recover, she began to think that perhaps ' things was n't so bad as they might be after all ; ' and when Ezekiel, who had concluded to be a home missionary, arrived with a congenial spirit in the person of Miss Helena Dobbs, the old lady really thought it was no matter if things ' was topsy-turvy,' she did n't know but it was about as pleasant there as it used to be.

There was n't a happier or merrier Christmas-party in all New-England than at Uncle Joe's. And every year since, the Browns and Manlys — for they have increased alarmingly — spend their Christmas at the farm-house ; and Aunt Tabby, who is often seen to smile, is now, I believe, on a visiting tour among her children and grand-children.

E F. S.

THE WIND-SWEPT BLOSSOM.

In those grand old forest branches,
Skiffs all rigged in greenest hue,
Swings a scarlet blossom lonely —
Swings her bark the long day through ;
While the tide of wind advances —
Waves impelled by elfins only,
Tides that never hail in view —
Wash that bark of greenest hue.

Ever are those billows telling
Of strange worlds they've journeyed by,
To those flaming petals bending,
Striving fierce that bark to fly ;
Like some demon mad rebelling,
For a wider life contending,
Forests move with that wild cry,
Those far worlds to journey by.

Williamsburgh, Long-Island.

Mossy home there's no returning ;
Lured by lawless elves away,
All its sister blossoms nestling,
Cease to question of its stay ;
For its cheek so brightly burning,
And its strange mysterious wrestling,
Mark for them a bud astray —
Lawless blossom swept away.

Scarlet bloom ! this restless yearning,
Urging broader life to see,
Brings thee here alone forsaken,
On this mystic, shoreless sea ;
So my soul, for freedom burning,
Long, like thee, has sore been shaken,
But it battles still as thee,
Striving larger life to see.

S. H.

S T A N Z A S : W A R .

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

I.

Lo! the sun hath from the portal
Of the East majestic burst,
Lighteth up a scene which mortal
Strife will make ere long accurst.

II.

Proudly throwing back the glory
Of the sun's effulgent beams,
Glittering casque, as yet ungory,
Cannon, musket, sabre-gleams.

III.

Haughty steeds, impatient pawing,
Champ their curbing bridle-bits,
And the carrion-crow is cawing
From the tree wherein he sits.

IV.

Hark! that dull, deep, sullen booming
Signal gives the fray's begun;
Ah! the thousands pride is dooming
Ne'er to see again the sun!

V.

Marching hither, crossing thither,
Phalanx after phalanx pass;
Underneath their feet doth wither,
Crimson-stained, the trampled grass.

VI.

Havoc — carnage — sabres crashing,
Cries of rage and pain appal;
Steeds o'er dead and wounded dashing,
Brothers by their brethren fall.

VII.

Gaze upon that field chaotic!
Death hath stilled the latest groan;
And on fragments, wrecks, ecstatic,
Victory sits as on a throne.

VIII.

Mark the hideous, ghastly gashes,
Carved upon red Battle's face;
Though at Victory's feet he dashes
Trophies of the foe's disgrace.

IX.

Ah! the faces hacked and haggard
Which the moon gloats sickly o'er.
Show that repulsed Pity staggered
From the heart's unopened door.

X.

Hear the bells in triumph ringing,
Ringing out with tones elate;
Yet within their foolish dinging,
Homes and hearts are desolate.

XI.

When will cease this carnage cruel?
Shall the nations not arise,
Grasp once more the heavenly jewel,
Peace — again have tearless eyes?

XII.

Yes, a better day is coming,
Yes, a better day must come;
Glory 'll be no more in drumming,
Man's heart be no more the drum.

XIII.

Then the sword turned to a sickle,
And the cannon to a plough;
Toil's pure drops like dew will trickle
Where the bloody sweat doth now.

XIV.

Man, a race regenerated,
Shall pursue a peaceful path;
Earth be no more enervated
By the wearing wrongs of wrath.

XV.

Intellect in truth will make its
Mark upon the happy age;
Difference with the Pen will slake its
Rare and reason-ruled rage.

XVI.

Man with man will meet and mingle
Lovingly in that good day;
Their heart-smiles will seem as single
As the light of the milky way.

XVII.

God will look with heavenly pleasure
On His earthly family,
And pronounce the world a treasure,
Being as it ought to be.

Memphis, (Tenn.)

A CHILDREN'S STORY.

I MADE a very determined resistance, I must say, puffing at my cheroot with the stoicism of a score of uncles, though the columns of the very respectable journal I was perusing, it did seem, were never so totally devoid of interest as then ; but I could not well hold out against the assaults of the little ones' at my knee, and when at last little Nelly's sweet face peeped slyly from beneath the *Evening Post*, and little Willy on the other side looked up, oh ! so beseechingly ! yet shrinking half-abashed from my seeming-careless eye, with : 'Story, uncle ; please do tell us a story,' I was vanquished altogether ; and sending my segar a long toss off into the green grass, where it breathed out its soul in one last curling whiff, I took Nelly up on one knee, leaving Willy to climb for himself to his old seat on the other, where he sat perched in triumph, and threw the paper all crumpled up upon the piazza. Then I tumbled Nelly's brown curls into a shocking state of disorder, and smoothed down Willy's face into an expression of becoming gravity, and drew a long breath, looking wondrously important the while, like any one who is expected to be very entertaining on emergency.

'Now, Willy, see ; you have made me lose my segar, and spoil my paper, and waste my time, and make myself very wretched, and all to tell you and your little sister a story ;' and Willy tried to look conscience-stricken and very guilty, but dissembled very badly, and came near losing his balance in his glee ; and Nelly nestled close and stroked down my bristling whiskers in her coaxing way, so it was no longer any use to assume a virtue ; so I threw myself back in my rocking-chair, and taking a little soft hand in each of mine, I put on my most interesting air, and sent my eyes rolling about for a moment between earth and heaven, and cleared my voice once or twice solemnly before I began :

'It was ever so long ago. Grand-papa could n't have been any bigger than little brother there in the cradle, and as for papa and mamma, they were not even born, nor so much as thought of by any body.' Willy thought that must have been oh ! a great, great many years ago, ninety, or sixteen, or at least a thousand ; and Nelly's red lips parted in wonderment, but did n't dare to speak. 'At that time you could barely see from here the sparkling waters of yonder lake ; for all around, and away off for miles and miles, stretched one dense, scarcely broken forest, and the thick leaves hung like a great green veil before the bashful, dimpling lake, and only now and then, when they were lifted up gently, like the meshes of gauze, by a passing breeze, could you catch a glimpse of its still waters, sleeping all unconsciously, like a naked beauty in the sun-light, and shivering with a gentle tremor as the breath of wind stole by. The little laughing ripples that chased each other up to the shore, played all alone unseen among the drooping branches that bathed themselves in its margin ; and the long shadows

of close-ranged trees that lifted themselves high above the threatening bluffs, or clung with desperate strength to their slippery sides, stretching far off over the water, would gather thick and dark about the little gentle, trembling lake, as the sun went down red in the forest, and wrapped it round, nestling in its sombre drapery, to slumber undisturbed.

‘But I was not to tell you a story about the lake: it was about two little children that grew tired of their play, just as the lake too, as I was telling you, weary of laughing and dimpling the whole blessed day, for no earthly use but to seem glad because the sun was pleased to be good-natured too, was growing wondrous sober and sad, like a city belle when company is gone and the gas in the parlors is darkened, and lay quiet in her narrow bed, with her dark curtains drawn about her, in solemn slumber. These two children, I say, had been paddling half the day among the ripples by themselves, and were pretty well weary of their new play-fellows; and now they had climbed with their little, bare, wet feet this steep knoll on which we sit, and creeping through the thick, low branches, their little curly heads peeped out all unexpectedly upon this spot; for, for some reason, the ground hereabouts was clear of brush and trees, and though the great maples and the broad-spreading beeches pressed close up, and the tangled underbrush bristled impudently all about it, and quarrelsome thrust forth their stout, stiff branches, like sharp javelins, menacing its repose, some way or other, neither the burly, firm-rooted forest-trees, with bark that clung close to them like mail of proof, nor the insolent low bushes, all bristling with thorns, dared over-step the invisible line that was drawn about us here; and though the maples held over it their spreading boughs like long arms, and seemed to join hands with each other, and sometimes to shake them, and then made strange, slow, solemn gestures with them to each other, as they were telling on their leafy fingers some dread secret they were forbid to whisper aloud, even in this far-off lonely spot, yet there seemed to be here some strange spell that held them back; and though they might stand guard for ever round about the charmed ring, yet they might not invade, by so much as one gnarled root, its sacred, peaceful soil.

‘But the laughing eyes of little Margery and Harry were blind to any such charm, and their gleeful faces had hardly emerged into the clearing, when their two little dumpy figures rolled over together upon the short, smooth grass, with a shout and a scream. It was a rare play-room for two such little ones, and Harry threw down from his apron a big heap of pond-lilies, and he and Margery were soon crowding together right merrily, and wreathing their long slimy stems, till, like a green and white serpent, the flowers and stalks writhed themselves around both the little truants, binding them together in their fantastic folds like an insidious destroyer. But Margery’s eyes grew heavy in the midst of her frolic, and her head sank down upon Harry’s brave bosom, and Harry drew her little, short, wet petticoats over her bare feet, and made sure that her hand was safe in his; and then, some how, Harry’s eyes fell shut in spite of themselves, and he lay side by side with his sister, fast, fast asleep.

‘And as the two lay thus secure together, the forest all around rang with the shrill answering cries of wild beasts. The cruel wild-cat’s eyes glared at them through the rustling leaves, and the hungry wolf gave an angry, disappointed howl as he paced round and round stealthily among the briars, and a great black bear, mad with famine, crouched trembling in a fork of the maple, purring waspishly to himself, and rolling back his lips from his horrid white fangs, and longing yet never daring to creep along the over-arching branch, and fall in sudden, terrible death upon the sleeping ones below; for this little spot, so strangely guarded, I didn’t tell you, was the trysting-place of good Queen Titania’s fairies, and little unseen sentries were perched the while our Harry and Margery were sleeping on the leaves and branches around, and among the interlacing twigs, all unknown to them. You see that mossy border there, Nelly, where the crocuses and purple violets and hyacinths come earliest in the spring: it was there the greenest, tallest grass used to grow, that marked the fairy ring; and if you had lived in those times, Nelly, you might have seen here, on such a moon-light night as this was, thousands and thousands of tiny creatures dancing on the trembling spears of grass, and getting wondrous tipsy on true fairy mountain-dew, and turning all sorts of absurd somersets down to the very bottom of the white lily-bells, and coming up drenched and chilled and sober enough from the cold pools that lingered in their cups unseen.’ And Nelly’s blue eyes grew rounder and bigger as her little bosom rose and fell silently in awe, and she looked around curiously and yet shyly after the butterfly that poised itself over the wonderful moss-border, and drew a deep sigh of relief when it spread its great dragon wings, and floated fluttering away.

‘I know, Willy, that they say the fairies’ home was in merry old England, and that Titania and King Oberon would lead their dancing trains around from island to island of the blessed three kingdoms; and nowhere did they so delight to trip it in the bright moon-light as on the green shores of poor old Ireland herself, that now lies desolate and starving, away off over the seas. But though in the days of good Queen Bess there never was a full moon but the shepherds on the hill-sides would watch the gay throngs whirling giddily round and round, and tipping and carousing on their sparkling viands within their sacred green ringlets, yet when black war rolled over the land, and brothers fell fighting face to face in opposite ranks, and king and parliament stood ranged in arms against each other, and religion meant blood-shed, and faith was divorced from charity, then the kind little people fled affrighted away, and by and by the plough went through and through their rings, and the sod was turned up over Queen Titania’s throne. And perching on the rigging of a Holland galliot, they took voyage for another world, and the good people on board that were flying to a new home, used to sink to sleep each night, lulled by strange sweet music that came showering down from shroud and halyard, and sheet and bellying canvas, softly and still with the moon’s rays from heaven. And some way, the little folks’ blessing went with the kind, homely Dutchmen and their wives and daughters, insomuch that, wherever they were scattered, whether they were settled peacefully upon the shores of

Manhattan, between the glancing waters of the two deep-rolling rivers, or whether they crossed over to the Jersey shore, and quarried out from its rugged hills the ruddy-gray rocks, and reared for themselves on the sedge flats of Communipaw, or the bold heights of Bergen, great high-backed comfortable homesteads, in whose low mossy eaves the swallows might nestle for a century ; or, more adventurous still, they threaded the stern passes of the Hudson, and reached the rich valley of the Mohawk, and tilled there the broad low-lands that stretch for miles between the hills along that lovely river, the Dutchmen's acres brought forth liberally, and their wives were unto them as fruitful vines, and their daughters grew up buxom, laughing, merry girls, as virtuous as Diana herself, and more beauteous in the eyes of their lusty suitors than Venus or proud Juno.'

Willy did n't exactly appreciate the bearing of the last remarks, but I told him I would elucidate the point to him in a future narrative, and when it was explained that future narrative meant a new story some other time, he seemed perfectly satisfied, and begged me to go on.

'Little Harry and Margery slept peacefully on their grassy bed, and dreamed nothing of the fierce, fiery eyes that were watching their slumbers, nor of the hungry appetites that longed for their destruction ; and the broad, full moon came up in all her glory, and stood over their heads, and shed down her warm yellow light upon their faces ; — and there was a whisper went round about among the rustling quivering leaves, and a pattering like the fall of rain-drops, but there was no cloud in the sky ; — and one after another the shrill crickets began to sing ; first one from its lonely tuft of grass, and then another answering it, and then a clear chirrup from another, and so they came forth, singing as they came, from the dark crannies, and damp hiding-places underneath the bushes, until all around it echoed with the chorus of their voices. And then there stole upon little Harry's ear a low far-off buzz, and it grew nearer and nearer, and then with a spiteful twang it burst upon him, — like that musquito's trumpet that is being blown now in Willie's ear ; and then there was a graver, more solemn hum, that Harry knew for the voice of the humble-bee, and louder and louder and nearer came the sounds, till every bush and tree, and bending-flower and blade of grass sent forth its voice in the concert : — the locust sprang its shrill rattle, and the gnat would wind his horn, and the great frogs made several vain attempts to join, which only ended in snapping their bass-viol strings with most shocking discord ; — and besides all, there was a buzzing and a twittering, and a fluttering hum, as of a mighty crowd drawing near, and angry little voices were heard all about Harry's head, as if something was wrong, and Harry heard something in his sleep, that made him draw his arm closer about little Margery, and feel at his side among the pond-lilies for his trusty wooden blade.

'And the little voices grew louder and angrier still, and there was really such a bustle, and the contention grew so fierce that Harry's sleepy eyes perforce must open, and he stared wonderingly round. But he did n't close them again at once, I warrant you, — for there was n't a leaf, nor a tiny spear of grass, nor a thorn, nor rough bramble, be it ever

so small, but on it was posted a trusty fire-fly, holding up his bright-burning torch, and myriads and myriads others went dancing and fluttering all around, till all beneath the meeting branches of the trees was one glow of twinkling light. And crickets and locusts, and whole ranks of unknown creatures that Harry had never dreamed of before, were drawn up in long array upon the grass; and mosquitoes and bees, and bustling beetles, and many many-winged creatures more, in well-marshalled battalions, light and heavy-armed, hovered amid the boughs of the maple and elm; and bats wheeled twittering round, and the owl hooted dismally from his hidden nest. And the long files of crickets sawed away with their little legs, and the locusts drawn up behind played second fiddle to them, while the ungainly frogs, as I said before, having made a disgraceful failure with their bass, huddled sulkily together in a corner, puffing out scornfully their bloated cheeks, and pursing up their wrinkled chins in high disdain, grunting very contemptuous criticisms among themselves upon the performance. And the mosquitoes with their trumpets, and the bees lustily droning away upon the bassoon, and the wasps twangling their haut-boys, made up with the rest a most respectable orchestra, such as would have gladdened the jolly old soul of good King Cole, who, you know, next to the tinkling music of his bottle and his bowl, delighted exceedingly in the martial strains of his faithful fiddlers three. And Harry's eyes twinkled in wonder now, for in the midst of all this bustling, and the emulous rivalry of these tiny musicians, were gliding and skipping little gossamer-clad figures, hurrying hither and thither in busy preparation; and something seemed to have vexed them exceedingly, for their voices were very shrill, as if in contention, and they turned ever and anon to the spot where Harry and his little sister Margery were lying, and brandished their slender javelins threateningly at them; so that even little Margery turned uneasily in her sleep, and moaned as if her dreams were troubled.

'But now the burden of the air which the crickets were playing was taken up in the distance, and again was repeated nearer, and twinkling lights began to glimmer through the thicket, and the buzz and hum grew louder, and the long lines of clustering lights came nearer, and the little performers around the children redoubled their zeal, and the battalions of busy torch-bearers ranged themselves in closer order, in two long blazing rows, and brighter and brighter they trimmed their torches, and louder still came on the unseen musicians, till the whole forest echoed with their rivalry; and from beneath a low green arch-way, formed by the interlocking stems of climbing grape-vines, emerged the glittering host. First came the ranks of thronging fire-flies, marching between the serried files of their brethren — answering light with light, and throwing back glimmering ray for ray, and then with their din and emulous clang, the bands of little musicians, and took their places file by file with their fellows; and after them, in gallant array, came prancing and careering on the troops of fairy cavalry, curvetting on the wings of gay humming-birds, or reining in the fierce-champing dragon-flies they bestrode. The gnat before them blew his ringing clarion, and plumes, and blood-red scarfs, and pennons floating from the gleaming

heads of marshalled spears, danced merrily in the breeze. And then, in deep, close-set ranks, marching with stately tread, followed the fairy infantry, habited all in gay green gossamer, and poising their light shafts as they strode along. And as rank after rank, and troop after troop debouched, they swept round the verge of the fairy ring, till bristling spear and targe, and glistening scales of mail rose rank over rank behind the thronging torches, and the array of minstrels that now stood mute for a moment side by side.

‘And now from within the dark, deep-vaulted archway, blending and intermingling in such sweet harmony as Harry’s ears had never heard before, fairy voices carolled forth a song of welcome.

‘And the last clear, soft tones died trembling away, and a band of little lady-sprites robed in filmy garments of rich interwoven colors, lovingly entwined in each other’s arms, came dizzily whirling out from the darkness, and breaking to right and left around the leafy gateway, stood anxiously on tiptoe watching.

‘And forth from beneath the clustering wild grapes, amid the waving of silken banners and the dancing of white foam-like plumes, and the clangor of innumerable martial instruments, and the clash of buckler and spear, marched the good King Oberon, leading the lady Titania, and following in long, dazzling array, marched arm in arm the beauty and gallantry and chivalry of the whole bright realm of fairy, sweeping on in stately pomp and circumstance before the gazing throng.

‘And tripping over the purple violets that were spread for a velvet carpet at her feet, and climbing the green steps of her grassy throne, the lady Titania sat beneath her canopy of wild flowers, by the side of Oberon her lord. And then she glanced down the lane of noble dames and cavaliers that did obeisance to her and her king, kneeling face to face upon the steps of her throne, and around upon the circling host, and returned their clamorous greeting with a queen-like smile; and for a moment the lordly Oberon looked around, and then with a wave of his hand the uproar was stilled to death-like silence. And then the herald standing forth, in grotesque emblazoned garments, proclaimed with sound of trumpet, that King Oberon, with Titania his rightful queen, sat upon his throne that night, to mete out justice, and to extend mercy; — to hear the cause of any that might there be accused, and to grant restitution to such as were wronged in person, property, or priceless fame.

‘And after the shrill blast of the herald’s trumpet had ceased, Harry beheld a double file of lances and tossing plumes dividing the dense throng, and towering above them all, a fairy warrior, with uncovered downcast head, and shield borne reversed before him, marched disarmed between two halberts at its head. And when he reached the foot of the throne, he stood there abashed before his sovereign and his accuser opposite him; who arraigned him there, because being captain of the King’s guard, to whom was committed the express keeping of his person, he had permitted, on this the night of Oberon’s revels, two mortal beings to repose within the sacred precincts of his court. And Oberon’s brow grew black, and his voice had terror in it, as he demanded of the culprit his reply, and a fierce indignant murmur ran through the

whole assembly. And in low, guilty tones, the accused confessed his transgression : — that moved to pity by the helpless innocence of these poor mortal fugitives, he had not indeed denied them shelter within the august limits of King Oberon's court, and had even set over them a watch of vigilant sprites, to drive away the savage brutes that thirsted for their life ; — but he prayed, before the king should pronounce judgment, that these two mortals might also be brought to stand before his throne.

'It was a grim smile King Oberon wore when he granted him his prayer, and more firmly he grasped his sceptre, and turned sternly away from the queen at his side. And a troop of fairies moved away to the spot where the two children were lying, and a file seized each end of the pond-lily chain that fettered their limbs ; and little Margery, sobbing and crying to be so rudely aroused, and shrinking trembling away, was dragged with bold little Harry up to King Oberon's throne. And the wasps and bees made sharp their stings, and buzzed an ominous note of preparation, and Harry, stepping bravely out before his trembling little sister, shielded her from that angry glance, and defiantly laid his chubby hand upon the wooden hilt at his side.

'And then, Nelly, you might have seen the jealous wrinkles on King Oberon's brow relax, and the degraded knight lifted up his eyes to meet his sovereign's smile, and, kneeling, touched the extended sceptre ; then rose, and, stretching out his hand to grasp his sword, stood once more armed before his monarch's throne.

'*"Draw forth thy weapon,"* then said King Oberon, and Harry drew his sword, brandishing it before the mighty fairy king, till knights and ladies started back aghast ; for never had such presumption been beheld before in Oberon's dread court. And Oberon laughed gaily, and touched with his wand the tip of the blade, and with the touch it turned to burnished gold ; and the crossed hilt in Harry's hand sparkled all over with diamonds and blood-red rubies. And Titania tripped down laughingly from her seat, and caught one end of the woven wreath, and tossed it about the neck of frightened little Margery, and it fell, a radiant garland of emerald, and pearl, and linked gold, down from her shoulders, round and round her sobbing bosom, to her feet. Then chimed forth the silvery voices of millions of fairy bells, rung by unseen hands, to such a glad tune that Margery drew away her hand from her overflowing eyes, and lifted up her head, half reassured, and smiled a doubtful smile through her tears. And with that the fairies all seemed mightily pleased, for they clapped their little hands, and shouted, and struck spear and buckler together, and clashed their tinkling cymbals, and danced such a strange gleeful dance about their grassy ring, as Margery and Harry had never seen in all their lives before. And they brought them their tiny cups to sip, and set before them such delicate viands, sumptuously served upon the blushing leaves of roses, that Harry dropped his threatening blade, and sat down upon his mossy bed with smiling Margery, and made such good cheer that I very much fear he forgot in what noble company he supped, for he laughed and talked on exceedingly familiar terms with the lords and ladies about him, and even with the gracious Oberon himself, who good-humoredly extended him his own pearl goblet to drink from ; at which act of royal conde-

scension a whole row of dowager fairies turned very pale, and were carried off into a bunch of clover by as many respectable elderly fairy gentlemen, and were never seen by Harry more.

But Margery, meantime, had been making herself very agreeable to gentle Queen Titania, and had brought out from her deep pockets her whole stock of playthings; thimbles made from the brown acorns, that fitted very ill upon her tiny fingers, and a complete assortment of porcelain of exceedingly varied shapes and sizes, that she had picked up in her day's play upon the sandy beach, and the wonderful cones dropped by the pine and fir, and a cunningly devised necklace, which she exceedingly prized, strung by the hands of Harry from the many colored berries of the forest. And Titania, with a sweet smile, took her little fat fingers in her own, and on one of them she put a ring with a single gem, that shone there like a star, and told her, when she looked upon it, to think of queen Titania.

But Harry and Margery grew tired of feasting, and Oberon waved his wand, and cup and trencher and resplendent plate all melted away like the dew; and the minstrels began to tune their many instruments, and ladies and knights stood paired upon the green flowery carpet, waiting Titania's signal. And she smiled, and beckoned with her hand, and they whirled away, couple after couple, round and round, in and out, through the tangled figures of the dance; one moment tripping on the velvet turf, then lost amidst the trembling foliage, shooting from bough to bough upon the filmy spider's web, gaily poised upon the bending spire of grass, hovering lovingly over the dewy petals of wildwood flowers, flitting swiftly among the shimmering phantom shadows; now joining hand in hand in a merry dizzy ring, and darting then away, couple by couple, in fond embrace, to flirt lovingly in the dark nooks among the bushes; so that to Margery's eyes it was all as a summer's dream, and Harry's brain grew giddy watching their strange revels; so that with the hum, and the misty whirl, and perhaps, too, owing to the magic power of the fairies' potations, their little figures faded dreamily away, as if a fleecy cloud had come athwart the moon; and the next thing Harry knew was the warm, bright sun-light streaming down upon him, and the shadows of the leaves dancing on Margery's sleeping face, as she lay upon the grass close by, with the chain of emerald and pearl falling in a rich shower of mingled light about her.

And now, should I tell you how Margery and Harry used to steal away many a time when the moon rose full from among the nodding forest trees, and slept away off, no one knew where, and would come back in the early dawn, happy and smiling, and bringing rich gifts with them; and how Harry grew up a noble, generous man, and the fame of Margery's winning charms went all through the forest; and how proud, wealthy young patroons and stalwart huntsmen came from afar, and vied with one another, with flattering words and loving vows, with sighs and prayers, and earnest protestations, with rich display, and vaunts of strength and daring, with wit, with gaiety, with noble deeds, with mighty words, with all the arts and stratagems of love, to gain her hand; and how Titania's magic ring would pale and grow dim, as one and another suitor breathed his empty vows; and Margery would turn away

from each with a careless smile, and each disappointed wooer left her ; some lightly and carelessly, to seek an easier maiden ; some sullenly, to blacken her name with envious defame ; some with feigned disdain, to punish her neglect with the triumph of a more eager rival, and some few with heavy grief in their hearts that they had not proved worthy ; and Margery, for them all, remained heart-whole, and as gay and charming as ever. And how busy were the tongues of women about her, calling her coquette, and proud, and heartless, and prophesying for her a dark and cheerless lonely old age, without friend or helper in that sad, sad weary night. I could tell you a long story, too long for this short hour, were I to tell you all that befel Margery and Harry, as the years went by. But one day there lay one bleeding at the door of Margery's hut, pale, faint, almost dead ; and as he took from kneeling Margery the cup of water, and lifted up his heavy eyes, murmuring, 'God bless you, lady !' the gem upon the hand he held blazed forth such astounding light, and the warm thrill ran through from her hand and up to Margery's bounding heart, and she knew the husband the fairies had chosen her, and blushed with such a sudden glow and trembled so that the cup fell from her hand. Nor can I tell all that passed after that — how the wounded soldier, as he lay raving with fever on his hard forest bed, from amidst the bloody memories of desperate battles, went wandering back to his quiet home ; to the mother waiting there whose hope he was ; to the sisters watching there, whom his manly arm had defended ; and sometimes would mutter something, in his wild incoherent way, of an angel's face that had smiled upon him once in a vision ; but now — now ! — and then, with a groan, he would sink back so hopelessly — almost you would think it death — and lie there for a moment, still and pale, and, springing up again with a mad, mocking laugh, would shout a defiant cry, like one rushing into the thick battle.

'And how many strange confessions Margery heard, as she sat alone and fearless through the dark nights by the warrior's couch—confessions that not every lady's ear might hear—for he used to rave of harder, deadlier battles than soldiers fight, when they press point to point, breast to breast, with murderous steel against their hearts, for victory : battles against self ; battles fought all alone, under the dark midnight sky, with a host lying in sleep around him ; battles, cruel battles fought under a summer's sun, marching serenely along, with no human enemy near ; mortal battles beneath the glancing light of brilliant chandeliers, where ghastly wounds were given, and aching scars were made, to the measure of rich music and the rhythm of the dance. Battles wherein many a hero has been slain, and many a mighty man has been laid low. Broken, and bruised, and sore, yet not altogether cast down, the unknown soldier lay long beneath that roof, with Margery to watch by him. And the first living thing he knew when, after a long, long troubled dream, his eyes opened upon the calm, bright day, was Margery's pale, lovely face—pale with long watching—so like the one that had haunted his sleep, that had been with him in his dark battles, and comforted him in his defeats, that with a weary, despairing groan, he swept his hand across his aching brow to drive away the teasing phantom ; and Margery had to rise, and with a trembling, maidenly

hand, press softly on his feverish, throbbing head, to reassure him. And when he took that little hand in his, and begged, in humble, imploring words—the first he uttered consciously—that she might never leave him, Margery's eyes swam full of tears, for the fairy ring blazed forth like a star from beneath his wasted fingers.

‘Margery's courtship wasn't long; not half the words, not half the vows, not half the maidenly dissimulations, the hesitations, the doubts, the manly pride and dignity, the womanly reserve and fickleness, that the world very properly requires in affairs of this sort, were deemed necessary. Nor do I know that Margery regretted the omission, nor considered it incumbent upon her to make amends in future, when a little plain, thin gold ring, as modest and as unpretending as could be, was placed upon the finger next to Titania's, which beamed with a softer radiance by its side. But the people for a great many miles did think it very strange that she should refuse so many excellent matches—that she rejected wealth, and high places, and brave handsome men, and had come at last to wed a poor, wounded, battered stranger, whose name, and whose birth, and whose life were dark mysteries to them. And there were not a few judicious mothers who improved the lesson given them by poor Margery, in warning their own giddy daughters not to harden their hearts against the prayer of seasonable suitors, lest they too might be left, in their extremity, to the tender mercies of the outcast and the stranger.

‘But Margery, to do her justice, bore her misfortune very well; and, to reward her, the lively dowager-queen Mab called one day, as she was paying her visits in the forest, in the oddest, prettiest little coach that ever was seen, and came laughing and tripping in with a very mysterious bundle in her arms, all wrapped up in fine white flannel, which she put carefully in Margery's arms, with the air of one with a very great secret. And Margery turned back the folds of the wrapper, and there, Nelly, lay the most beautiful, smiling, roguish little boy, not a day old, who, winked at his mother as if it was a good joke, and went off to sleep in her arms without another word. And I suppose Margery thought she would have to keep the little stranger, since good queen Mab had taken the trouble to bring it, and since the little fellow himself seemed to feel so much at home with her. But, however that may be, though he gave her a great deal of trouble, and had to be washed, and dressed, and fed, and sung to, and bounced up and down, and tickled, and have his nose pinched, and be poked under the chin, and father's finger put into his mouth, and his hair curled all over his head, and all manner of strange things held over his head to stare at, and let slide down his back to excite his curiosity; although it was necessary to pet him, to persecute him, and shake him and cuddle him, to make him laugh, and scold him for crying, and take him up when he was awake, and lay him down when he was asleep, and make an enormous fuss over him whatever he did, still Margery was a very kind-hearted little woman; and rather than let the poor baby die, she took all this trouble for him, and a great deal more besides.

‘But now, children, I have told you so much about Margery, that really I must leave you to find out the rest for yourselves; how her

husband turned out to be a great, wealthy, brave man, worth all that had come to see her before ; as indeed he must have been, or the fairies wouldn't have let her wait so long for him : and what a noble lady his mother was ; and his sisters, how proud they were of the new one their brother brought them home, and how happily they lived together for ever and ever so long. But for Harry — has n't he a grand sword of his own, and, besides, a stout little heart in his bosom, and King Oberon for a friend ? There's a long story about Harry that Willie can make up for himself : as Uncle would lie on his bed awake, many's the still night, when he was a child, spinning out an endless second part to the dear old Swiss Family Robinson.'

T O T H E W A B A S H .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

THE gentle hour of twilight gathers slow,
 And softer radiance lingers on the sky ;
 The clouds sail westward in a golden glow,
 To robe the couch on which the sun must lie :
 And lo ! in full and rounded glory, comes
 The harvest moon above the dim old woods,
 While Nature, tuneful in her beauty, hums
 A vesper-hymn from all her solitudes.

The first faint tinge of autumn's bright decay
 Robes the far prairie in rich, varied hues,
 And decks each leaf and bough in such array
 As spring along her pathway never strews,
 Till plain and wood seem gardens of delight,
 Filled with a giant race of gorgeous flowers,
 More lovely in their stamp of early blight,
 Than in the beauty of their budding hours.

How like, I thought, is this great loveliness
 To her we laid to rest a month ago :
 Her cheek's fair flush — a banner of distress —
 The brightness of the eye, the lip's full glow,
 The mournful cadence of her voice of song :
 Ah, all like autumn's frail and painted leaf,
 Signals we could not do our love the wrong
 To read, until our love awoke to grief.

Beside the Wabash thoughtfully I stray,
 And as I watch its calm and gentle breast,
 The men and deeds who graced its earlier day,
 Seem thronging 'mid the shadows of the West,

And mirror-like, within thy face, fair stream,
The wild-wood warrior and his Saxon foe,
In combat joined — thyself the guerdon — seem
Indeed realities of long ago.

Historic fame is thine — a name in story :
Half-conscious art thou, in thy calm repose,
Of thine own heritage of deathless glory,
With him who lived '*the terror of his foes*,'
Whose daring soul had never known defeat,
Whose deeds have deep on every heart impressed,
Where Western hearts in Western bosoms beat,
The name of CLARK — the watch-word of the West!

I wander on still farther up thy shore :
Here, underneath this old and glorious shade,
A mansion stands, built in the days of yore :
A hero's home, whose name can never fade,
While gleams the Wabash in the morning sun,
While prairies bloom, and woods grow old and great.
Here, HARRISON, thy name is loved, as one
Foremost in battle — loftiest in the State.

Beneath this very tree, now gnarled and torn,
Wasting its mighty life with many years,
TECUMSEH — noblest of the red race born —
Gathered his braves, his prophets, and his seers,
Here stood in treaty with his hated foe :
His people, thronging from their caves and dens,
Blending their war-shouts, swelling high and low
With the sweet evening bells of old Vincennes.

Methinks I see the savage hero's form,
Majestic in the evening's growing gloom ;
Erect, like some brave oak amid the storm,
Defying fate, yet knowing still his doom :
Fearless and proud, his dark eye roams along,
Takes in the beauty of the stream and shore,
With prophet ken beholds the coming throng
Seize the loved land his race shall know no more.

Ah! earth has had her heroes in all ages,
Conquest, ambition, power, or love their goal,
But thou, almost unknown on glory's pages,
Excelled the most in thy sublimer soul.
'T was a proud thing to still fight on, and ever,
Though hope had fled from thee and all thy race,
Hope, country, people lost! — returning never!
Place, heroes, with you! for TECUMSEH, place!

But night grows dim — cloud-like the mists advance,
Veiling the moon, the prairie, and the stream,
While the faint stars gaze down with trembling glance,
Voices are stilled and mute, earth seems to dream :
To dream as I do now, of sad, soft eyes,
Which wait for me with dearest looks of home,
While the young prattler of our Paradise
Asks the fair mother, 'Will he ever come?'

Vincennes, August, 1855.

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T H E O L D F O R T .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE fading sun-set's ruddy gold
Athwart the ancient rampart glows,
And o'er the moss-grown, crumbling wall
Its soft, suffusing splendor throws;
And gilds with its expiring light
The mound where, resting from life's fight,
The soldier-dead repose.

No longer from the tall flag-staff
The starry banner flaps its fold;
No longer from the cannon's lips
The thunderous battle-peal is rolled;
But many an old dismantled gun,
Half-sunk in earth, lies brown with rust;
And long ago the cannoneers
Have mouldered into dust.

No longer at each break of day
The loud alarming drums resound;
No gay-garbed ranks are here arrayed,
No sentinels parade their round;
But hooting owls disturb the night,
The fox in these old barracks hides,
The piping quail here rears her brood,
The striped snake securely glides,
The partridge seeks her food.

Years, years ago the flash of arms
From trench and bastion gayly streamed,
From palisade and embrasure
The sword and sharpened bayonet gleamed:
And here the Indian war-whoop rang,
And here the Indian arrow flew,
And here the British bullets sang,
And Continental rifles slew.

But long and long ago the strife
Of armed battalions ended here;
Gone bath the Indian's gleaming knife,
Vanished the English spear:
The wilderness no longer hides
The marching squadrons in its gloom;
The woods themselves have vanished,
And farms are tilled, and gardens bloom,
And cities all around are spread.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. In one volume. Sixteenth Edition. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN.

WE can ask no better attestation of the value of a book so pretentious and expensive as this, than the simple words, '*sixteenth edition*,' upon the title-page. The successive editions of 'The Poets and Poetry of America' have all been, more or less, improvements upon their predecessors; but the present one is so much, and in all cases changed for the better, as to have the appearance of a new work. The author very justly estimates the importance of such a production in his preface, in which he remarks: 'The value of books of this description has been recognized from an early period. Besides the few leading authors in every literature, whose works are indispensable in libraries, to be regarded as in any degree complete, there are a far greater number of too little merit to render the possession of all their productions desirable. The compilations of English poetry by Mr. SOUTHEY, Mr. HAZLITT, Mr. CAMPELL, and Mr. S. C. HALL, embrace as many as most readers wish to read of the effusions of more than half the writers quoted in them; and of the qualities of all such indications are given in criticisms or specimens, as will intelligibly guide the lover of poetry to more comprehensive studies. In our own country, where there are comparatively few poets of a high rank, the majority would have little chance of a just appreciation but for such reviews.' And Baron FREDERICK VON RAUMER, the eminent German historian and philosopher, remarks: 'It is performing a valuable service when a man of taste and information makes a suitable, well-assorted selection, and guides the friend of poetry in his rambles through those groves from which he might otherwise be deterred by their immensity. Such service has been rendered by Mr. GRISWOLD, in his 'Poets and Poetry of America.' Mr. BRYANT, who has himself been carefully over the same field, remarks that he 'has executed his task with industry, skill, and taste. No man in this country is probably so familiar with this branch of American literature, not only in regard to its most ancient but most obscure authors.' The late Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE says: 'We differ from Mr. GRISWOLD

sometimes, but never without a respect for his judgment, and never without feeling that we owe it to the public in all cases to give a reason why we do not assent to the conclusions of so candid and discriminating a judge. His freedom from prejudice is acknowledged by European critics, as well as by our own. The *Westminster Review* bears this testimony to his independence: 'Mr. GRISWOLD, we may premise, is *not* one of those Americans who displease their readers, and forfeit their credit at the outset, by indiscriminate and unbounded laudation of every product of their country. His tone is calm and temperate, and he has not shrunk from the disagreeable duty of pointing out the blemishes and failings of that which, as a whole, is the subject of his eulogy. He lays his finger, though tenderly, upon the sores which a less honest advocate would have hidden out of sight.' And the *London Examiner* says: 'We must not forget to thank Mr. GRISWOLD for his good taste and good feeling. It would be difficult to over-praise either.' Beside all this, Dr. GRISWOLD has a great advantage, in the affectionate and trustful respect with which he is regarded by almost the entire circle of American authors. He is a man altogether too decided and out-spoken not to have enemies among the baser sort; but it may be safely said that all who *know* him, as we have known him, for almost twenty years—for nearly the entire period of our connection with the KNICKERBOCKER—see in him a man of that nobility of temper, that generosity, sincerity, and unselfishness, which caused the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE to descant so warmly on the excellence of his social virtues. The advantage possessed by such a character in acquiring information touching personal histories need not be stated. Every body is quite willing to communicate papers and reminiscences to so true a gentleman, of such known honorableness and discretion.

The first section of the book is a careful review of the Colonial poets, from the landing of the Pilgrims till the beginning of the Revolution. The author observes in the beginning of this extended historical summary:

'THE literary annals of this country before the Revolution present few names entitled to a permanent celebrity. Many of the earlier colonists of New-England were men of erudition, profoundly versed in the dogmas and discussions of the schools, and familiar with the best fruits of ancient genius and culture, and they perpetuated their intellectual habits and accomplishments among their immediate descendants; but they possessed neither the high and gentle feeling, the refined appreciation, the creating imagination, nor the illustrating fancy of the poet, and what they produced of real excellence was nearly all in those domains of experimental and metaphysical religion, in which acuteness and strength were more important than delicacy or elegance. The 'renowned' Mr. THOMAS SHEPHERD, the 'pious' Mr. JOHN NORTON, and our own 'judicious' Mr. HOOKER, are still justly esteemed in the churches for soundness in the faith and learned wisdom, as well as for all the practical Christian virtues, and in their more earnest 'endeavors,' they and several of their contemporaries frequently wrote excellent prose, an example of which may be found in the 'attestation' to CORTON MATHER'S 'Magnalia,' by JOHN HIGGINSON, of Salem, which has not been surpassed in stately eloquence by any modern writing on the exodus of the Puritans. In a succeeding age, that miracle of dialectical subtlety, EDWARDS, with MATHEW, CHAUNCEY, BELLAMY, HOPKINS, and others demonstrated the truth that there was no want of energy and activity in American mind in the direction to which it was most especially determined; but our elaborate metrical compositions, formal, pedantic, and quaint, of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth, are forgotten except by curious antiquaries, who see in them the least valuable relics of the first ages of American civilization.

'The remark has frequently been quoted from Mr. JEFFERSON, that when we can boast as long a history as that of England, we shall not have cause to shrink from a comparison of our literatures; but there is very little reason in such a suggestion, since, how-

ever unfavorable to the cultivation of any kind of refinement, are the necessarily prosaic duties of the planters of an empire in wilderness countries, in our case, when the planting was accomplished, and our ancestors chose to turn their attention to mental luxuries, they had but to enter at once upon the most advanced condition of taste, and the use of all those resources in literary art acquired or invented by the more happily situated scholars to whom had been confided in a greater degree the charge of the English language. When, however, the works of CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, and MILTON were as accessible as now, and the living harmonies of DRYDEN and POPE were borne on every breeze that fanned the cheek of an Englishman, the best praise which could be awarded to American verses was, that they were ingeniously grotesque. There were displayed in them none of the graces which result from an æsthetical sensibility, but only such ponderous oddities, laborious conceits, and sardonic humors, as the slaves of metaphysical and theological scholasticism might be expected to indulge when yielding to transient and imperfect impulses of human nature.

It is rich in the 'grotesque and arabesque,' in all the quaint, and curious, and grim, that marked our literature from one to two hundred years ago. With MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH'S '*Day of Doom*,' an elaborate poem, in which the most ultra-Calvinistic notions are set forth with great vividness, but in which the relenting poet finds it difficult to deposit in brimstone the multitude of infant sinners, and so decides that, although

— 'IN bliss
They may not hope to dwell;
Still unto them He will allow
The easiest room in hell!'

our readers are pretty well acquainted; and the amusing oddities of MATHER BYLES and JOSEPH GREEN have been sufficiently quoted. The following is by a clergyman in Philadelphia, the Rev. NATHANIEL EVANS, missionary in that region, just one hundred years since, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel:

'ORPHEUS of old, as poets tell,
Took a fantastic trip to hell,
To seek his wife, as, wisely guessing,
She must be there, since she was missing.
Downward he journeyed, wondrous gay,
And, like a lark, sang all the way;
The rea-on was, or they belied him,
His yoke fellow was not beside him.
Whole grottos, as he passed along,
Danced to the music of his song.
So I have seen, upon the plains,
A fiddler captivate the swains.
And make them caper to his strains.
To PLUTO's court at last he came,
Where the god sat, enthroned in flame,
And asked if his lost love was there —
EVERYONE, his darling fair?
The fiends who listening round him stood,
At the odd question laughed aloud:
'This must some mortal madman be,
We fiends are happier far than he.'

But music's sounds o'er hell prevail;
Most mournfully he tells his tale,
Soothes with soft arts the monarch's pain,
And gets his bargain back again.
'Thy prayers are heard,' grim PLUTO cries,
'On this condition take thy prize:
Turn not thine eyes upon the fair,
If once thou turn'st, she flies in air.'
In amorous chat they climb the ascent:
ORPHEUS, as ordered, foremost went;
(Though when two lovers downwards steer,
The man, as fit, fal s in the rear.)
Soon the fond fool turns back his head —
As soon, in air, his spouse was fled!
If 't was designed, 't was wondrous well;
But, if by chance, more lucky still.
Happy the man, all must agree,
Who once from wedlock's noose gets free;
But he who from it twice is freed,
Has most prodigious luck indeed!

Of course the Rev. NATHANIEL was not married: more's the pity. The first poet of these 'free and independent United States' was PHILIP FRENEAU, of whom the author gives a most interesting biography of eight or ten columns, in which his careful and accurate research is conspicuously displayed. There are in the volume from sixty to seventy new biographies, one of which is of St. GEORGE TUCKER, a partisan poet of great celebrity in his time, who wrote the following touching song of old age:

'Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

'Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall ;
 Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been ;
 Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray ;
 Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

'Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
 Pains of my age, yet awhile you can last ;
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God ?

Hereof Dr. GRISWOLD relates the following anecdote :

'WHEN DR. WOLCOTT's satires on GEORGE the Third, written under the name of 'PETER PINDAR,' obtained, both in this country and in England, a popularity far beyond their merits, Judge TUCKER, who admired them, was induced to publish in FENEAU's 'National Gazette' a series of similar odes, under the signature of 'JONATHAN PINDAR,' by which he at once gratified his political zeal and his poetical propensity. His object was to assail JOHN ADAMS and other leading federalists, for their supposed monarchical predilections. His pieces might well be compared with WOLCOTT's for poetical qualities, but were less playful, and had far more acerbity. Collected into a volume, they continued to be read by politicians, and had the honor of a volunteer reprint from one of the earliest presses in Kentucky. His 'Days of My Youth' so affected Mr. ADAMS in his old age, that he declared he would rather have written it than any lyric by MILTON or SHAKESPEARE. He little dreamed it was by an author who in earlier years had made him the theme of his satirical wit.'

Though the following song may be familiar, it is so exquisitely turned that we cannot refrain from copying it. It was written in the beginning of this century, by Dr. JOHN SHAW, of Maryland :

'Who has robbed the ocean cave
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
 Who, from India's distant wave
 For thee those pearly treasures drew ?
 Who from yonder orient sky
 Stole the morning of thine eye ?

'Thousand charms thy form to deck,
 From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
 Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
 On thy breath their fragrance borne :
 Guard thy bosom from the day,
 Lest thy snows should melt away.

'But one charm remains behind,
 Which mute earth could ne'er impart ;
 Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
 Nor in the circling air, a heart :
 Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
 Take, oh ! take that heart from me !

This song has been very much praised, and one of our Southern contemporaries, in a comparative view of Northern and Southern literature, has challenged reference to any song by one of our Northern poets to match it. We shall not direct attention to the self-singing melodies of General MORRIS, under these circumstances, but merely suggest that, admirable as the song in question is, it is *appropriated* almost entirely from some lines by WILLIAM

LIVINGSTON, of New-Jersey — a Revolutionary patriot and bard, whose life has been ably written by THEODORE SEDGWICK, Esq. Upon this point doubters may satisfy themselves by consulting Mr. SEDGWICK's work, pages 117 and 118, upon which the original of Dr. SHAW's brilliant lyric may be found. Dr. GRISWOLD seems not to have detected this curious literary felony. Of JOHN M. HARNEY, who died in 1825, and who wrote the celebrated poem of '*Crystalina*,' and some minor pieces of great merit, a full biographical and critical account is presented. The following *morceaux* prove that HARNEY was a poet. The first describes a sight his hero saw in the kingdom of OBERON :

'THE shores with acclamations rung,
As in the flood the playful damsels sprung:
Upon their beauteous bodies, with delight,
The billows leapt. Oh! 't was a pleasant sight]
To see the waters dimple round for joy,
Climb their white necks, and on their bosoms toy.
Like snowy swans they vexed the sparkling tide,
Till little rainbows danced on every side.
Some swam, some floated, some on pearly feet
Stood sidelong, smiling, exquisitely sweet.'

The next is still finer :

'IN robes of green, fresh youths the concert led,
Measuring the while, with nice, emphatic tread
Of tinkling sandals, the melodious sound
Of smitten timbrels; some, with myrtles crowned,
Pour the smooth current of sweet melody
Through ivory tubes, some blow the bugle free,
And some, at happy intervals, around,
With trumps sonorous, swell the tide of sound;
Some, bending raptured o'er their golden lyres,
With cunning fingers fret the tuneful wires;
With rosy lips, some press the syren shell,
And, through its crimson labyrinths impel
Mellifluous breath with artful sink and swell:
Some blow the mellow, melancholy horn,
Which, save the knight, no man of woman born
E'er heard, and fell not senseless to the ground,
With viewless fetters of enchantment bound.'

We were aware that 'Major JACK DOWNING,' SEBA SMITH, had written 'Powhattan, a Metrical Romance,' but did not know that from his prolific pen there had ever flowed any thing so graphic and powerful as '*The Burning Ship at Sea*:'

'THE night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smiled
As they wandered up the sky;
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave —
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave!

'All were sunk in soft repose
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound —
A shriek of 'fire!'

'Now the flames are spreading fast —
With resistless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;

Now the deck is all a-blaze; now the rails —
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

'No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh:
Still before the burning foe they were driven —
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to HEAVEN.

'Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand —
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

'From his briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo! that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke

Was the monumental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly,
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.'

We may not indulge further in poetical quotations, but must give a few specimens of the author's critical handling. He says of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, with equal justice and elegance:

'It was Lord BYRON's opinion that a poet is always to be ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art. 'The poet who executes best,' said he, 'is the highest, whatever his department, and will be so rated in the world's esteem.' We have no doubt of the justness of that remark: it is the only principle from which sound criticism can proceed, and upon this basis the reputations of the past have been made up. Considered in this light, Mr. HALLECK must be pronounced not merely one of the chief ornaments of a new literature, but one of the great masters in a language classical and immortal for the productions of genius which have illustrated and enlarged its capacities. There is in his compositions an essential pervading grace, a natural brilliancy of wit, a freedom yet refinement of sentiment, a sparkling flow of fancy, and a power of personification, combined with such high and careful finish, and such exquisite nicety of taste, that the larger part of them must be regarded as models almost faultless in the classes to which they belong.'

Of RALPH WALDO EMERSON:

'His genius, in whatever forms it may be exhibited, is essentially poetical; and though he defies classification as a philosopher, few will doubt that he is eminently a poet, even in his poetry. As a thinker, he disdains the trammels of systems and methods; his utterances are the free developments of himself: all his thoughts appearing and claiming record in the order of their suggestion and growth, so that they have, if a more limited, also a more just efficiency. In poetry, he is as impatient of the laws of verbal harmony, as in discussion, of the processes of logic; and if his essential ideas are made to appear, so as not to seem altogether obscure to himself, he cares little whether they move to any music which was not made for them. In his degree, he holds it to be his prerogative to say, 'I am: let the herd who have no individuality of their own, accommodate themselves to me, and those who are my peers have respect for me.' If you cannot sing his songs to the melodies of MILTON, or SPENSER, or POPE, or TENNYSON, study till you discover the key and scale of EMERSON; then all will be harmonious, and no doubt you will find your compensation.'

Of poor CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN:

'In what I have written of General MORRIS, I have endeavored to define the sphere and dignity of the song: but whatever may be thought of it as an order of writing, I am satisfied that Mr. HOFFMAN has come as near to the highest standard or idea of excellence which belongs to this species of composition, as any American poet has done in his own department, whatever that department may be. Many of his productions have received whatever testimony of merit is afforded by great and continued popular favor; and though there are undoubtedly some sorts of composition respecting which the applause or silence of the multitude is right or wrong only by accident, yet, as regards a song, popularity appears to me to be the only test, and lasting popularity to be an infallible test of excellence.'

And of another of the 'KNICK'S' friends:

'MR. LELAND's poems are for the most part in a peculiar view of satirical humor. He has an invincible dislike of the sickly extravagances of small sentimentalists, and the absurd assumptions of small philanthropists. He is not altogether incredulous of progress, but does not look for it from that boastful independence, characterizing the new generation, which rejects the authority and derides the wisdom of the past. He is of that healthy intellectual constitution which promises in every department the best fruits to his industry.'

By the way, we must quote of 'Meister KARL' one characteristic specimen, which he ought to have sent for a first appearance to us:

'THERE 's a time to be jolly, a time to repent,
A season for folly, a season for Lent;
The first as the worst we too often regard,
The rest as the best — but our judgment is hard.

'There are snows in December and roses in June,
There 's darkness at midnight and sun-shine at noon;
But were there no sorrow, no storm-cloud or rain,
Who 'd care for the morrow with beauty again?

'The world is a picture both gloomy and bright,
And grief is the shadow, and pleasure the light,
And neither should smother the general tone;
For where were the other if either were gone?

'The valley is lovely, the mountain is drear,
Its summit is hidden in mist all the year;
But gaze from the heaven, high over all weather,
And mountain and valley are lovely together.

'I have learned to love LUCY, though faded she be,
If my next love be lovely, the better for me;
By the end of next summer, I 'll give you my oath,
It was best, after all, to have flirted with both.

'In London, or Munich, Vienna, or Rome,
The sage is contented, and finds him a home;
He learns all that is bad, and does all that is good,
And will bite at the apple, by field or by flood.'

'Theleme' is decidedly better than this; but rather too long for our present limits.

Of Mr. FREDERICK COZZENS, whose 'Prismatics' have delighted our readers many a time and oft, we have the following brief account:

'The writer of the pleasant magazine papers under the signature of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' was born in New-York, in the year 1818. RICHARD HAYWARDE was the name of his father's maternal grandfather. He was born in Hampshire, in England, in 1693, and was one of the earlier Moravian missionaries to America. In 1740 he entertained some of the Brethren, who had come from the Old World, at his house in Newport. In a little pamphlet, published in 1808, giving an account of the Moravian settlements in this country, he is referred to familiarly as 'Old Father HAYWARDE.' LEONARD COZZENS, his great-grandfather in another line, came from Wiltshire, in England, and settled in Newport in 1743. His grandfather, immediately after the battle of Lexington, joined the Newport Volunteers, commanded by Captain SEARS, and fought at Bunker-Hill. He was himself educated in the city of New-York, and has always resided there. He has been a curious student of American literature, and in the winter of 1854 delivered a lecture upon this subject. His volume, entitled 'Prismatics,' published in 1851, consists mainly of articles previously published in the 'KNICKERBOCKER Magazine,' to which he has been a frequent contributor for several years. His more recent work, the '*Sparrowgrass Papers*,' appeared originally in the 'KNICKERBOCKER' and 'PUTNAM's Monthly.' He is an importer and dealer in wines, of which he has written some admirable essays, both in 'PUTNAM's Monthly,' and in a little periodical which he publishes himself, under the title of '*The Wine-Press*.' In a certain fresh and whimsical humor, and a refined and agreeable sentiment, expressed in prose or verse, Mr. COZZENS always pleases. He is indeed a delightful essayist, in a domain quite his own, and his poetry has an easy flow, and a natural vein of wit and pathos, which render his signature one of the most welcome that can meet the eye of the desultory reader.'

In these desultory gleanings of this interesting and invaluable work, we have attempted no proper criticism of it. The author informs us in his preface that the first project for a collection of specimens of American poetry, was that of the famous old tory, RIVINGTON, who edited the '*Royal Gazette*' here, before the Revolution. RIVINGTON published the following advertisement of his intentions:

'The public is hereby notified that the printer of this paper has it in contemplation to publish, with all convenient speed, a 'Collection of Poems by the Favorites of the Muses in America,' on the same plan with DODSLEY's celebrated 'English Compilation.' Such ladies and gentlemen, therefore, as will please to honor the attempt with their productions, (which will be treated with the utmost impartiality by a gentleman who hath undertaken to conduct the publication,) will confer a favor on the public in general, and particularly on their much obliged and very humble servant, JAMES RIVINGTON.'

The revolutionary war prevented the execution of the royal printer's project; and JOEL BARLOW, as appears from a letter of his to Governor LIVINGSTON, undertook such a work, but did not go through with it. His materials, we presume, were handed over to RICHARD ALSOP, who edited the collection of 'American Poems,' printed at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1793. Since that time, we have had Mr. KETTEL's three duodecimos; the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER's 'Common-Place Book of American Poetry;' Mr. BRYANT's excellent little volume of 'Specimens of the American Poets,' and a few others; but all have been surpassed by Dr. GRISWOLD's incomparable 'Anthology,' in which, with a sagacity peculiarly his own, he has collected nearly every thing we wish to possess, either for historical or literary interest, of American poetry. His judgments, though apt to be influenced in a degree by the native kindness of his disposition, are, take them all in all, unequalled, considering the variety of subjects upon which they are delivered, for good sense, delicacy, poetical insight, and sympathetic appreciation. In the vexed question of the philosophy of poetry, he has his own principles and prejudices, but these do not affect the catholicity of his taste. The scope of his work admitted but little formal criticism; he could only give us summaries of opinions; yet few persons, with faculties to distinguish beauties from blemishes in this species of literature, will candidly and thoroughly examine any of the authors whom he has reviewed, without arriving at the same conclusion as to their merit and demerit.

Printed separately as a series of critical biographies, Dr. GRISWOLD's 'Lives of the American Poets' would constitute a work of remarkable elegance and of signal historical value. The three productions, of which this is the first, comprising a complete survey of our national literature, will remain permanent monuments of his industry and taste, which no other publication can take the place of, or render unnecessary in every public or private library, though by using the materials which he has by so much pains-taking and sagacity accumulated, it is not improbable that rival works of the same kind may be invested with a transient popularity, at his expense. Intelligent readers will understand all this.

'The Poets and Poetry' will be followed immediately by the 'Female Poets' and 'The Prose Writers of America,' revised and enlarged with the same unflinching care and indefectible judgment; and the three works will be sold separately, as heretofore, or together, as 'A Survey of the Literature of the United States,' in three volumes. We had nearly forgotten to mention the excellent portraits of DANA, PERCIVAL, BRYANT, GALLAGHER, LONGFELLOW, POE, LOWELL, BAYARD TAYLOR, and other poets, on steel — all from the most recent and approved pictures that could be procured for the engravers — by which the volume is illustrated and adorned.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. Translated from the German of HENRY HEINE. By CHARLES G. LELAND. First Number: pp. 96. Philadelphia: JOHN WEIK, Number 195, Chestnut-street.

WE briefly announced the publication of this commencement of HEINE's writings, in our last number, and promised a farther reference to the work in these pages; and that promise we now propose to fulfil. The characteristics of HEINE's writings are plainly and simply set forth in the American translator's preface:

'HEINE most emphatically belongs to that class of writers who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively-wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelligent contemporary with a smile, and by the after-comer with thanks. He belongs to that great band whose laughter has been in its inner-soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence; to the band which numbered LUCIAN, and RABELAIS, and SWIFT, among its members; men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its 'baroque-ish' virtues and vices. Woe to those who are standing near when a humorist of this stamp is turned loose on the world! He knows nothing of your old laws: like an AZRAEL-NAPOLÉON, he advances conscienceless, feeling nothing but an overpowering impulse, as of some higher power which bids him strike and spare not. He has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses. His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind, (of a sympathetic cast,) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex-cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks, and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

'Perhaps the most characteristic position which HEINE holds is that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. *He has popularized philosophy, and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned.* His writings have been a 'flux' between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal, or noxious vapors — in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularized, and whether the ultimate tendency of this 'witty, wise, and wicked' writer has been for the *direct* benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, *that he is here*; that he cannot be thrust aside; and that he exerts an incredible and daily-increasing influence.'

In entering upon a brief consideration of HEINE's peculiar humor, Mr. LELAND truly and forcibly observes: 'It is a striking characteristic of true humor, that it is 'all-embracing,' including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind which does not come within the range of *humor*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humor appreciates the contradiction — the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie — and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humor, that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well-meaning civilization, with her allies, morality and tradition, maintain a ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of 'outside barbarian' foes, while

HUMOR, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by, laughing, as either party gets a fall :'

'To understand the vagaries of HEINE's nature, we must regard him as influenced by humor, in the fullest sense of the word. For as humor exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarities and of *appearances*, it would not be humor, did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humor as by mere pathos — nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently we find in his works some of the most sorrowful complaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. 'Other bards,' says a late review of HEINE, in *The Athenæum*, 'have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work; but the art of constantly showing two natures within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses, was reserved for HERR HEINE. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment, for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance — pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow — and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter.'

We now proceed to a few extracts from this attractive and only-too-thin 'First Number,' which has whetted our appetite for the second, as these passages will enhance that of our readers for the one before us. We take first, Number Thirty-One of these 'Pictures.' It has had and has its actual counterpart, 'here and elsewhere,' and that is why it will 'bite :'

'TO-NIGHT we have dreadful weather,
It rains and snows and storms;
I sit at my window, gazing
Out on benighted forms.

'It seems that for eggs and butter,
And sugar, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter,
Her grown-up darling at home.

'There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which wearily wanders on;
An old dame with a lantern,
Comes hobbling slowly anon.

'Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies;
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

A very beautiful and natural picture of childhood-sports is the following. The poet begins his 'lay' by reminding his erewhile boy-friend of the time when they were children; when they crept into the hen-house and hid themselves, and crowed so naturally, that the passers-by 'thought 't was a real crow :'

'THE chests which lay in our court-yard,
We papered so smooth and nice;
We thought they were splendid houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.

'And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue;
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.

'When the old cat of our neighbor
Dropped in for a social call;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

'How piety, faith, and true love
Had vanished quite away;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

'We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped:
Since then, to many a tabby,
The self-same things we've said.

'So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth:
Money, the world and its seasons;
And honesty, love, and truth.'

In quite a different vein, and yet how simple and touching, is the following. There seems a 'halt,' to our ear, in the last line but one of the last verse :

'In dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form;
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

'A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

'She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set,

'Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin;
And for thee, by my labor,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

'And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild:
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor, unhappy child.'

'Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear;
And if thou diest, then I
Will weep upon thy bier.'

The prose-pictures of travel are not less graphic and forcible. Witness the subjoined, premising that the author has been dining at a German town called Clausthal, and after dinner goes forth 'to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries:'

'In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this, I have never been able to advance. On such occasions, mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe, that if it should rain dollars from Heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, in my hand, and said to it: 'Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering! how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally, laden with trespasses, and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an ABRAHAM, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being!'

Purely Germanic and imaginative is this passage: very beautiful it is too, and especially the thoughts we have ventured to italicise:

'My chamber commanded a fine view toward Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a 'man in the moon?' The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named CLOTAR, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little, they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible 'Hand of Glory' had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremberg, who with night-cap on his head, and white clay-pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover, who, in the arms of his loved one, thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside! Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast, that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love: it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. *Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night, when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded yet ashamed, appear to wait for concealing darkness, that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings, and breathe them out in sweet odors.* Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! Now she lies in slumber; at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her

breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes, the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, and birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.'

'Which is all at present,' reader, from yours devotedly; but no devotion can compress type-metal, or make room when you have n't got it. Our enforced closing advice is, 'Buy and read HEINE'S Pictures,' as fast as they appear. They are admirably written, faithfully translated, excellently well printed.

THE IROQUOIS: OR, THE BRIGHT SIDE OF INDIAN CHARACTER. By MINNIE MYRTLE. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348, Broadway.

WHEN we opened this handsome volume, with its appropriate and beautiful illustrations, and ran our eye over the title-page, we supposed the fair author had found enough of interesting material relating to the Iroquois, to justify her in offering it to the public; and in this she was not mistaken. But we soon discovered, that interesting as are her sketches of the history, character and institutions of this once powerful league, she employed the seat of their original grandeur as a stand-point from which to sketch the varied and melancholy history of the race. And nobly has she done it. With an eye quick to discern, and a heart alive to the wrongs inflicted on the Indians, she has thrown a shield between the red and the white man, which must for ever protect the former from the prejudices which, by false lights, have been thrown upon his character. The Indian is not the monster, nor the cruel and blood-loving savage he has been represented to be; or if he is, it does not become us, who are civilized and Christian, so to pronounce upon him. But we must let the gifted author make her contrast, in her own way, at this point:

'ALMOST any portrait which we have of Indians represents them with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, as if they possessed no other but a barbarous nature. Christian nations might with equal justice be always represented with cannon and balls, and swords and pistols, as the emblems of their employments and their prevailing tastes. The details of wars form far too great a portion of every history of civilized and barbarous nations; to conquer and to slay has been too long the glory of Christian people; he who has been most successful in subjugating and oppressing, in mowing down human beings, has too long worn the laurel crown—been too long an object for the admiration of men and love of woman.'

'In the pictures which I shall give, I shall confine myself principally to the Iroquois, or Six Nations, a people who no more deserve the term savage than we do that of heathen, because we have still lingering about us heathen superstitions, and many opinions and practices which deserve no better name. The cannibals of some of the West-India islands, and the islands of the Pacific, may with justice be termed savages, but a people like the Iroquois, who had a government, established officers, a system of religion eminently pure and spiritual, a code of honor and laws, of hospitality excelling those of all other nations, should be considered something better than savage, or utterly barbarous.

'The terrible tortures they inflicted upon their enemies have made their name a terror, and yet there were not so many burnt and hung and starved by them as perish among Christian nations by these means. The miseries they inflicted were light in comparison with those they suffered, and when individuals from them came among us

to expose the barbarity of the white men, the deeds they relate equal any thing we know of Indian cruelty. The picture an Indian will give of civilized barbarism, leaves the revolting customs of the wilderness quite in the back-ground. We experienced their revenge when we had put their souls and bodies on the rack, and with our *fire-water* had maddened their brains. There was a pure and beautiful spirituality in their faith, and their conduct was as much influenced by it as are any people, pagan or Christian.

'Is there any thing more barbaric in the annals of Indian warfare than the narrative of the destruction of the Pequot Indians? In one place we read of the surprise of an Indian fort by night, when the inmates were slumbering, unconscious of danger. When they awoke, they were wrapped in flames, and when they attempted to flee, were shot down like wild beasts. From village to village and wigwam to wigwam the murderers proceeded, 'being resolved,' as our historian piously remarks, 'by God's assistance, to make a final destruction of them,' till finally a small but gallant band took refuge in a swamp.

'Burning with indignation, and made sullen by despair, with hearts burning with grief at the destruction of their nation, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hand of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission. As the night drew on, they were surrounded in their dismal retreat, and volleys of musketry poured into their midst, till nearly all were killed, or buried in the mire. In the darkness of a thick fog which preceded the dawn of day, a few broke through the ranks of the besiegers and escaped to the woods.'

'Again, the same historian tells us that the few who remained 'stood like *sullen dogs* to be killed, rather than implore mercy: and the soldiers, on entering the swamps, found many sitting together in groups when they approached, and, resting their guns on the boughs of trees within a few yards of them, literally filled their bodies with bullets.*' But they were Indians, and it was pronounced a pious work!

'When the Gauls invaded Italy, and the Roman Senators, in their purple robes and chairs of state, sat unmoved in the presence of barbarian conquerors, disdaining to flee, and equally disdaining to supplicate for mercy, it is applauded as noble — as dying like statesmen and philosophers. But when the Indian, with far more to lose, and infinitely greater persecution, sits upon the green mound, beneath the canopy of heaven, and refuses to ask mercy of civilized fiends, he is stigmatized as dogged, spiritless, sullen. What a different name has greatness, clothed in the garb of Christian princes, and sitting beneath spacious domes, gorgeous with man's devices; and greatness in the simple garb of nature, destitute and alone in the wilderness!'

'There is nothing in the character of ALEXANDER of Macedon, who 'conquered the world, and wept that he had no more to conquer,' to compare with the noble qualities of King PHILIP, of Mount-Hope; and among his warriors is a long list of brave men, unrivalled in deeds of heroism by any in ancient or modern story. But in what country, and by whom were they hunted, and tortured, and slain? Who was it that met together to rejoice and give thanks at every species of cruelty inflicted on those who were fighting for their wives and children, their altars, and their God? When it is recorded that 'men, women, and children indiscriminately were hewn down, and lay in heaps upon the snow,' it is spoken of as doing God service, because they were nominally heathen. 'Before the fight was finished, the wigwams were set on fire, and into these hundreds of innocent women and children had crowded themselves, and perished in the general conflagration,' and for this thanksgivings are sent up to HEAVEN. The head of PHILIP is strung bleeding upon a pole, and exposed in the public streets; but, it is not done by savage warriors, and the crowd that huzzas at the revolting spectacle assemble on the Sabbath, in a Puritan church, to listen to the gospel that proclaims peace and love to all men. His body is literally cut in slices to be distributed among his conquerors, and a Christian city rings with acclamations.

'In speaking of this bloody contest, one who is most eminent among the 'Fathers,' says: 'Nor could they cease praying unto the LORD till they had prayed the bullet through his heart.' Again: 'Two and twenty Indian captives were slain and brought down to hell in one day.' 'A bullet took him in the head, and sent his cursed soul in a moment among the devils and blasphemers in hell for ever!'

'The son and wife of PHILIP were sold into slavery, as were also many others of the Indians taken captive during the colonial wars. 'Yes,' says a distinguished orator, (EVERETT,) 'they were sold into slavery — West-Indian slavery! An Indian princess and her child sold from the cool breezes of Mount-Hope, from the wild freedom of a New-England forest, to gasp under the lash, beneath the blazing sun of the tropics! Bitter as death! aye, bitter as hell! Is there any thing — I do not say in the range of humanity — is there any thing animated that would not struggle against this?'

* IRVING.

But we must stop. The fact is, and so we thought after reading the book, it deserves to be set as a gem in all our public schools. It abounds in illustrations of Indian life and character, and it is all based on *truth*. How many injurious prejudices which we all have had instilled in us against the poor Indian would fall from our hearts, were these pictures, so beautifully finished and framed, but placed before our eyes. But we have room for but one remark more. A friend, who has been in the Indian war-path, and travelled much among various tribes, who has written as much, and more perhaps than any other writer on this Indian subject, said to us, the other day: 'MINNIE MYRTLE has struck a string in the aboriginal harp that will stir the public sympathies, and awaken in every heart feelings never stirred before, in behalf of the long-oppressed and ill-fated Indians.'

MEMOIRS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND HIS TIMES. By a JOURNALIST. In one volume. With a Medallion Portrait: pp. 488. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THE 'memoirs' and 'times' of a man so prominently before the public for the last twenty years as the editor of '*The New-York Daily Herald*,' indicate a work well calculated to attract general attention. We presume the volume owes its existence to the preceding volume upon Mr. HORACE GREELEY, of '*The Tribune*' daily journal: and like that book, it has been prepared without consultation with its subject. 'The author of these pages,' it is remarked in the preface, 'has sought no person's counsel upon his theme, or its mode of treatment. Neither Mr. BENNETT, nor any one connected with him, has been consulted, either directly or indirectly, with respect to the writing or publishing of the memoirs.' The book was prepared with little personal aid, except from published writings, and a protracted and patient study of the character of its subject. '*The Home Journal*' thus concludes an extended notice of the volume:

'The author has rarely suffered any thing in the remarkable career of Mr. BENNETT to escape him; and we confess that we have been astonished to find him so ready and able to analyze those portions of his public life which, as we should imagine, must very considerably have anticipated his own connection with the press. For the purpose of showing the variety of subjects to which allusion is made in this volume, we cite a few of the names which are to be found in it: EDMUND KEAN, JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, JAMES MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SONTAG, ALBONI, GARCIA, MALIBRAN, DE WITT CLINTON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, MACREADY, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, MARTIN VAN BUREN, E. T. ROBERTS, M. M. NOAH, EDWARD EVERETT, JESSE HOYT, JAMES K. POLK, JAMES WATSON WEBB, FRANKLIN PIERCE, HENRY CLAY, CHARLES KEAN, M. CHABERT, WILLIAM L. MARCY, BENJAMIN H. DAY, (the father of the Penny Press,) ADAMS, PICHFORD AND COMPANY, HELEN JEWETT, FREDERICK HUDSON, (one of the conductors of the *Herald*,) THOMAS S. HAMBLIN, Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, (at the time he was mentioned, named LYTTON BULWER,) NICHOLAS BIDDLE, WILLIAM H. HARRISON, CUNARD, CHARLES A. STETSON, JOHN HUGHES, (the Catholic Bishop,) SPENCER, (the mutineer,) JOHN C. COLT, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, Sir ROBERT PEEL, DANIEL WEBSTER, President TYLER, MORSE, FRANCES WRIGHT, RACHEL, N. P. WILLIS, ANDREW JACKSON, General TAYLOR, Lady MORGAN, LOUIS PHILIPPE, COLLINS, COBDEN, HORACE GREELEY, THEOBALD MATHEW, CLAYTON, Sir CHARLES NAPIER, JENNY LIND, CATHERINE HAYES, LOPEZ, FERNANDO WOOD, etc., etc. Of course it cannot be supposed that the writer of these memoirs could devote more space to even the greatest names among these, than they

would necessarily take up from their connection with his subject. And when it is remembered that scores upon scores of names are mentioned in the work to which we have not even alluded, it may be imagined that it was no common labor to digest and arrange such an immense mass of personal material. In no instance does any thing like personal pique appear to have guided the author's pen. He has steered his way with a most singular and commendable discretion through what must have been a situation, to any man, of no common difficulty.

The work is printed in a bold and readable type, for which the publishers must be thanked, and is prefaced by a medallion portrait of Mr. BENNETT, by Mr. C. G. ROSENBERG.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION: a Series of Letters from a Father to his Children: Describing the Natural History of Each Day's Mercies, etc. By W. G. RHIND. From the last London edition. In one volume: pp. 347. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN. New-York: EDWARD P. RUDD, Number Eighteen, Ann-street.

WE predict that this excellent work will speedily pass to a second American edition; for well will it deserve such success. Its plan is succinctly set forth by the author. To render familiar to a child's mind the peculiar characteristics that marked the successive creation of each day, a series of designs are engraved, in which is given a faithful outline of the Mosaic record. Each engraving, after the first, takes up the record of the previous day; so that, while the first simply exhibits light beaming forth on the globe of waters, and the dark clouds which enshroud it rolling back; the second, in addition to this, represents the firmament (in which the birds of the fifth day flew, and which is evidently the same as the atmosphere) as surrounding the globe; while the third day, together with the light and atmosphere, represents the dry land rising up from the depths of the waters, and the three great orders of vegetation — trees, herbs, and grass — springing up on its surface: and so in the fourth, the sun is seen in his brightness beaming forth from the one part of the heavens, through the earth's atmosphere, on all the new-formed beauty of the third day, and sparkling on the deep, henceforth the great source of light; while, shining in the dark shades of night, the moon and the stars are beheld as gladdening the scene. The fifth, with all the blessings of the four previous days, represents the air and sea animate with life, the fowls flying in the open firmament of heaven, and the great whales and fish swimming in the deep; while in the sixth and last day, in addition to all that had gone before, are seen the quadrupeds, each in those countries where first known, and ADAM and EVE in that part of the earth where it was generally supposed was planted the Garden of Eden. In the engravings, from the third inclusive, the great divisions of the globe, as known subsequent to the flood, are preserved.

In the letters that accompany these ingenious and beautiful steel plates, the object is, in language adapted to childhood, to 'show the goodness and beneficence of God in each day's creation; then to explain the natural history of each day's mercies; and lastly, to point out, from Scripture examples, how continually the HOLY SPIRIT, through the WORD, uses the natural figures of creation to set forth divine truth.' Although in a work so purely

elementary, the subjects of science are not gone very deeply into, yet the general features of the earth's structure, the properties of light, the nature of our atmosphere, the great divisions of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; the size, position, and velocity of the heavenly bodies; the natural history of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, are brought before the young reader in the plainest language; the author evidently understanding the fact that 'it needs all we know to make things plain.' He wisely lets geology alone, as being a subject too deep for young children. To increase the value and interest of the book, a large number of good wood-cuts, illustrating the subjects treated of, have been introduced by the American publishers. A father sitting at the breakfast-table, with his little family around him, who have read or heard the contents of this volume, might say: 'I wonder how many blessings of the six days' creation have lent their aid to supply our wants this morning?' and see the eyes of the little ones glisten with delight, while each, on the alert, seeks to make its answer: 'Light,' one of them replies: 'The sun,' the least, perhaps, calls: 'Our bread is made of wheat,' a third answers; while a little one whispers, sitting close by his father: 'And our sugar and our tea were made the same day as the wheat:' 'And the cow, which was created the last day, gives us milk and butter,' another replies. In this way, the goodness of God, the whole scene of the earth's beauty and the heavens' brightness may come to young minds filled with instruction. We gladly commend the work to a hearty acceptance at the hands of American readers.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH: with a Selection from his Writings. By his DAUGHTER, Lady HOLLAND. In two volumes: pp. 629. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE extraordinary success of these volumes in Great-Britain might well have been anticipated; and we cannot doubt that they are destined to run a similar career of popularity here. Indeed, at this moment, more than half their contents have transpired in the daily and weekly journals: so tempting are they for quotation, for their abundant satire, wit and humor. 'And the wit of SYDNEY SMITH,' says an admirable critic in the *British Quarterly Review*, 'was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity. Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for any thing slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired PYRRHA, is always *simplex munditiis*. How genial and frolicsome must his railery have been — irradiating, never scathing — summer-lightning, indeed; always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride — something that could be offered up; at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares con-

tributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain — never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible and universal laugh! When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord DUDLEY said to him: ‘You have been laughing at me constantly, SYDNEY, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid.’ He remarks: ‘This, I confess, pleased me.’ Doubtless — rare heart and head! A wit, and yet more beloved than feared!’ Beside the memoir, we have in these delightful volumes ‘a copious selection from SYDNEY SMITH’s correspondence, edited by Mrs. AUSTIN, to whose taste and cultivation the readers of English are already deeply indebted for her translations and *refinements* of continental literature. The work has been prepared, accordingly, under the most favorable conditions for success. A large portion of it is occupied with the brilliant sayings which flashed from the tongue of SYDNEY as naturally as lightning from the summer cloud. His domestic life is charmingly portrayed. Often placed in incongruous and embarrassing circumstances, he never loses his genial humor, his gayety of spirit, or his innate kindness of heart. As a model of a stamp of character rarely met with; of the sincere, frank, generous, brave, high-souled English gentleman; he exercises an irresistible attraction over the reader, and compels him to follow every detail of his biography with delighted interest. The correspondence is both rich and racy, and, as a specimen of pure, idiomatic English, has no rival.’ It would have added much to the interest of the reader, if the volumes could have been accompanied by a good portrait of their noble-looking subject.

LAND, LABOR, AND GOLD: OR, TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA: with Visits to Sydney and VAN DIEMAN’S LAND. By WILLIAM HOWITT. In two volumes: pp. 867. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

HERE is another work from a ‘Land of Gold,’ but a very different production from one elsewhere noticed in this department of our Magazine. It would have had a better title in ‘*The Loud Grumble of a Disappointed Gold-Seeker*’ than any other which could have been selected. Talk of the American’s love for the ‘almighty dollar’ as our trans-Atlantic neighbors may, such a work as the one before us proves that the coin is not less a ‘sentiment’ with our neighbors than with ourselves. An eye to the ‘main chance,’ a sensitiveness to over-charges, and a general ‘cuteness in pecuniary matters, are as apparent in Mr. HOWITT’s narrative as they could be in any similar record of the shrewdest Yankee who ever peddled tin-ware ‘and things.’ However, in fairness let us state the author’s avowed object in writing this work: namely, to place his reader as much as possible in his own position while engaged in accumulating the *matériel* for his pages; to let him see, feel and draw his conclusions as fully and fairly as he did himself. ‘I found myself,’ he says, ‘in one of the most noble dependencies of England; in a country which must one day become a great and prosperous one, (but not as a ‘de-

pendency,' Mr. HOWITT — mark that!) and that at a crisis unexampled in history; new, strange, and without an exact precedent.' Without reference to personal considerations, 'and with no purpose to serve save a patriotic one,' he claims to have 'stated simply, fully, and without fear or favor,' what fell under his notice. 'Mr. HOWITT,' says an English contemporary, 'is a professed *book-maker* ; but in this case he has had ample material, having passed a couple of years in Victoria, and paid visits to Sydney and to VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. The result is two volumes, narrating in very simple language his own daily experiences in the rough-and-tumble life to which he gave himself up. The picture that he draws of demoralization and discomfort at the famous Gold-Diggings and elsewhere, during the time when all the VICTORIA Colony was in a high state of gold-fever, is revolting in the extreme; but we do not believe that it is over-colored for the purpose of effect. Mr. HOWITT's testimony has been confirmed by every unprejudiced traveller; and they must be pretty thick-skinned adventurers who, after going through it, can still yearn for the vicissitudes of a miner's life. The Colonial Administration comes in for a large share of blame; the fatality of bungling seems to cleave to it. At the same time, it is right to add that Mr. HOWITT foresees a magnificent future for Australia, so vast are its resources, and so numerous its local advantages.' The volumes are very handsomely executed.

THE ANNALS OF SAN-FRANCISCO: containing a Summary of the History of the First Discovery, Settlement, Progress, and Present Condition of CALIFORNIA. By FRANK SOULE, JOHN H. GIBSON, M.D., and JAMES NISBET. New-York, San-Francisco, and London: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS most superb volume, of over eight hundred pages, although elaborate and minute as a history, has all the interest of a romance. It is not only full and clear upon all important matters connected with California proper, but it contains a complete history of the important events connected with *Its Great City*, and embraces beside interesting biographical memoirs of not a few of its prominent citizens. The *manner* of the work shows the pride which Californians (and why not the citizens of our common country?) have in the wonderful expositions of the book. It is beautifully printed, in a large, clear type, upon paper of the finest color and texture, and is illustrated by no less a number than *one hundred and fifty fine engravings*! It is evident that no pains or expense whatever have been spared to make it a complete, faithful, and valuable history of a State and city, whose singular rise, rapid progress, and unrivalled growth have been the wonder of the world. What a different State and city are California and San-Francisco from what they are at present, when we received the first number of the first newspaper ever printed in that region, and which now lies before us — a little dingy sheet, called '*Californian*,' published at Monterey, August 15 1846 — only nine years ago! — by an old correspondent, WALTER COLTON and SEMPLE! Look through the text and the engravings of the work under notice, and mark the regular growth of the State and the '*Great City*,' and

see if there has ever been any thing like it in the country's history. It is well observed in the preface: 'It is not necessary to offer a reason for the appearance of these 'Annals.' To read and to know something of the history of this new Tadmor, which has grown up so suddenly in the midst of what was but recently merely a desert, the centre of that vast trade which the golden smile of California opened at once to the world, is so natural and inevitable a desire, that it may be taken for granted, and dismissed as a fore-gone conclusion.' Exactly; so it may: and the great success which this work is sure to achieve, will prove the soundness of the assumption. We observe throughout traces of the facile hand of Mr. SOULE, who is master of a style at once graceful, graphic and simple. Our readers have already been made aware of our high estimation of Mr. SOULE as a poet; and our opinion of his talents is confirmed and strengthened by all which we have since encountered from his seldom-idle pen; he being one among the more prominent of the daily journalists of San-Francisco. We commend especially to the reader, as embodying a series of very forcible word-pictures, the accounts of the mixed multitudes that thronged into the city; the proceedings of the celebrated 'Vigilance Committee,' in punishing and putting to death the villains and murderers who infested the State; and the sketches of 'Life in the Mines.' Yet where all is so well done, and of such general interest, it seems scarcely necessary to call attention to any particular portions of the volume. This department, for the present month, was almost entirely filled when we received this superb volume, which must be our excuse, as it is our regret, that our inadequate notice of it is unaccompanied by extracts, for which it offers so many almost irresistible temptations. We congratulate the authors and the public upon the result of their labors. We hope, and do not doubt, that they have 'writ their 'Annals' true;' so that, aside from its present interest, as a most stirring narrative of events, it will have an abiding value as a reliable and faithful History of California.

THE NEWCOMES: MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. In two volumes: pp. 418. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE did not find the requisite opportunity for the perfect enjoyment of this intensely interesting work, while it was passing, in chapters, through the successive numbers of '*Harper's Magazine*;' but since its completion, and publication in the two well-filled, well-printed, and well-illustrated volumes before us, we have read it *seriatim*: and we find our impressions of its characteristic excellences so well conveyed by a brother-journalist — it may be 'G. R.' or it may be 'HOWADJI,' (in their capacity of critics, *par nobile fratrum*) — that we gladly avail ourselves of the following well-digested 'exposition:'

'The work is, in fact, a vast picture-gallery of representative characters, and it is necessary to comprehend them in their mutual relations before we can gain a satisfactory view of their respective individualities, and the vigor and naturalness of their portraitures. The story, though possessing sufficient interest to make the fortune of half-a-dozen common novels, is subordinate to the

moral anatomy and delineation, which is the favorite employment of the author. We follow the progress of the plot with keen anxiety to know what the fates have reserved for our new acquaintances; but our way is constantly beguiled by the rich and curious exhibitions of character, for which the events of the story merely furnish the stage. In this respect, 'The Newcomes' preserves the stamp of THACKERAY'S former productions. It repeats the same processes, the same motives, the same machinery, if not the same characters, with which we are familiar in 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis.' Less a work of fiction than a representation of real life, it fights a manful battle with the pretension, intrigue, and hypocrisy of modern society, dealing the stoutest blows against the follies and the frauds both of the fashionable and the financial world. But in this work, more, perhaps, than in any of THACKERAY'S writings, his sharp dissection of social weaknesses is tempered with a vein of noble humanity; and if he never weakly 'extenuates' the errors which it is his duty to expose, he certainly cannot be charged with setting down 'aught in malice.'

'His most caustic satire, although searching the diseased points of society to the quick, is free from ill-nature. He never gloats over vice with the morbid appetite of the cynic; nor does he find in the faults of others any materials for Pharisaic self-complacency. The judicial calmness with which he brings hollow pretences to light is remarkable. Without passion or excitement, he fixes his terrible eyes on the false, the base, the artificial, and reproduces their repulsive features in his faithful descriptions. Equally free from maudlin tenderness, from ferocious joy in human failings, and from an inflated sense of personal superiority, he takes his stand in the midst of realities, and seizes the peculiar traits of the grand living panorama before him. He does not undertake to write the natural history of angels. The enchantments of an ideal paradise are not in his line. He has no fancy for clothing men and women with a higher degree of excellence than is found in the ordinary experience of human beings. His characters are not taken from the realms of fancy or fairy-land. He prefers finding them in the general London society of the present day.

'His men, accordingly, are not heroes, nor his women paragons. Hence his pictures are an illustration of the effect of existing social institutions. He shows the weak spots in the church, the school, the family relations, the arrangements of trade, and the intercourse of society; and with the more power, as he aims at no set moral lesson, has no taste for ideal speculations, and rarely ascends to the region of general principles. Instead of this, he frequently indulges in a strain of half-serious, half-joocular moralizing, which, blending its quiet music with the general action of the piece, gives it a deeper tone, and a richer and more earnest suggestiveness. With this exception, 'The Newcomes' is almost entirely confined to descriptive narrative. The author clearly has no intention of writing a romance. His materials are furnished less by imagination than by experience.

'The leading characters, if without prototypes in our own knowledge, are such true illustrations of human weakness and passion, that we can scarcely regard them as merely personages of the author's invention. Crowded as the scene before us is with complicated events and various actors, they all preserve their identity with wonderful exactness, and each presents a study of peculiar interest, though in many instances brought in by the gratuitous generosity of the writer, without being essential to the development of the plot.' . . . 'In point of literary execution, as well as of moral tendency, 'The Newcomes' is not inferior to the most successful of the works which have crowned the author with such an unrivalled reputation as a purely intellectual novelist.

'The hand of THACKERAY is impressed on every page. Who but this consummate master has such command of the sources both of pathos and humor? Who has combined such true delicacy of perception with such honest manliness of feeling? Who has passages of such profound tenderness alternating with such bursts of bitter scorn? What writer of fiction enforces a healthier moral tone, awakens a deeper detestation of worldliness and hypocrisy, or inspires a warmer love for genuine, unaffected worth?'

An elaborate analysis of the story and its plot, or a consideration of the various characters who figure therein, would scarcely find what the Germans call '*once-readers*' while the work itself is extant and accessible. It will be bought largely and read widely.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SEEING 'THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.' — We know not when we have encountered a sketch more ludicrously maudlin than the following. It out-BURTONS BURTON in *'The Toodles,'* and *staggers,* like a kindred picture of our Georgia friend, 'S. U.,' published some years since in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'A QUIET dinner at the GIRARD House, with a couple of bottles of champagne, allayed by a cup of coffee and a regalia. The long summer afternoon was growing shorter. 'Suppose,' said JIM B —, 'we visit the 'Cademy 'f Natchral Sci'nces.'

'Ready,' we replied, and a cloudy omnibus, filled with misty people, rolled us somewhere very smoothly. We had to get out of that omnibus: we walked a little ways: remember mounting some very steep stairs.

'Here we are 'mong the d-denizens of the past,' said B —. 'Oh! what great jaws they've got! S'pose they came to life, what 'd you do *then*?' he continued, as we stopped before some ante-deluge monsters.

'Think we told him we 'd 'call the police.'

'Just look at these pickled snakes! Wake snakes! S'pose *they* came to life, what 'd *you* do th-then?' quoth B —, steadying himself against the side of the gallery.

'Holla fire!'

'T would n't do,' said B —: 'they'd crawl all round your p-pantaloons, and get into your hat, and —'

'Here our patience gave out. 'JIM B —,' said we, 'don't go on that way: consider a man's feelings.'

'So I do,' says he: 'they'd be awful! Stop!' says he: 'that p-polar bear winked at me. I saw him. S'pose now *he* was to come to life!'

'This last was too much for our humanities. We walked along one of the galleries, toward an open window. We wanted fresh air.

'J-just look at those skulls: Chippeway, Choctaw, Ch-chinese, Cherokee, Egyptian. S'pose *they* 'd come to life, what 'd *you* —'

'Here we reached the window; a breath of air came timely in, and we winked and blinked over a case of humming-birds, till B — murmured: 'Suppose —'

'Now don't,' said we: what's the use? Aint they all d-dead and d-stopped-up? — no, stuffed, we mean.'

'W-well,' said he, 'I w-was n't goin' to s'pose they were 'live: only g-going to s'pose we sit down on the floor here: there are no chairs. What th-then? Let's sit down.'

'And down we sat. No unruly police told us to move on; the janitor could n't see us: no visitors were about. We went to sleep.

'Oh! how pleasant, how soothing felt that gentle breath of air, blowing from the Gulf of Mexico! For two days had we tramped through the cane-brake, and as at last tired and way-worn we emerged from its close, dark cover, how welcome felt the breeze, how grateful the sun-light, how beautiful the sight of the grass-grown prairie, stretching away far as the eye could reach. The reins hung loosely about my pony's neck, and as he cropped the bright, green, waving grass, I would have gladly stopped in that cheerful spot, and dined; but no, on we must go, and on we went, till about noon-day a halt was called, and by the banks of Bayou, we had the dinner served *al fresco*. It was one of the most lovely spots I ever remember to have seen. A mammoth live oak, with its dark robe of green leaves, was to our right, and sheltered us from the warm sun-light; the feather-leaves of the wild cane rustled near us; the palmetto shot up its lance-like foliage; soft, green grass carpeted the ground; and as we came to a halt, the rush of wings and their cry told us that wild ducks had been swimming in the Bayou at our side. Birds of bright plumage winged their way over the open ground; the shrill chirp of thousands of insects sounded on the ear; and the spirit of the Indian maiden, ONKAHYE, she who re-visits this spot, leaving even the delights of another world for this dear place, I felt was invisibly hovering round. And the legend they told seemed possible.

'In life, ONKAHYE dwelt with her tribe near Houma; in summer-time, she would steal away to the Bayou; and here in this paradise of delights would she come to be alone, to be happy. The wild birds knew her and feared her not; the mild-eyed deer would feed by her side; for they saw in ONKAHYE the spirit of love and peace; the brilliant flowers blossomed round her feet; the butterflies wavered in their flight, and settled to rest near ONKAHYE. Years rolled on, and the Indian maiden was called to rest, but the GOOD SPIRIT heard her last prayer and granted it: she could re-visit the place on earth so dear to her.

'Herr SCHNEIDER was a spectacled man, with no hair on his head, and a tin box in his hand, sent by the Royal Big-Bug-Gathering-Society of Vienna to wander abroad and '*entomologize*.' He came to the Bayou; he impaled all the bright-winged butterflies, and beetles, and grasshoppers, and bugs, on pins, and poured poison over them, which killed them. And he returned to Vienna: he had discovered a *ptermiognastis schedamzinatomethon*, a bug just one tenth the length of its name. He was crowned with honor, and now sleeps at night with a long title hanging over his head. But ONKAHYE wept. Still her birds, her flowers, the myriads of the inhabitants in the Bayou were left.

'Then came an ornithologist with a double-barrel arrangement, and knocked over the bright, brilliant, gorgeous-colored birds that sang for ONKAHYE; he filled them with cotton and arsenic, and only left their bones as a relic. ONKAHYE wept again, but she had her darling flowers, her fishes.

'A young man, with elegant long hair, a KOSSUTH hat, and a pocket full of segars, with a *hortus siccus* or *herbarium*, or some other sort of *rum*, came and jerked up the flowers, and squeezed them, and pressed them, and called them all sorts of hard names: *Damurolesagin* I'lltareyurrootsuptoo, and he discovered a new herb, and the THOMSONIANS canonized him. Again ONKAHYE wept, and her tender heart became steeled at the cruelties her poor favorites had suffered.

'A hard-looking old nut, in a straw-hat, with a snuff-box, came to the Bayou one morning, and commenced peering into its waters: he unwound a long string, put a bait on a hook, and commenced the operation of catching a *gudgeonensis* uncommonsizetoo; he also was a natural historian, with a *piscomania* on him.

Then ONKAHYE looked down from the white clouds in wrath; she begged for a thunder-shower of the largest size; she obtained it, sent it down on Bayou, and the angry waters and the storm came upon the hard-looking old nut. Next year, a snuff-box was found, but the gudgeonensis uncommonsizetoo still floats in Bayou Inconnu. No one ever again disturbed the Bayou; birds came from other lands; other flowers grew up.

‘Come, gentlemen, going to shut up,’ said some one, shaking me by the arm; then silently on that summer evening, JIM B.—— and we glided out of the Academy into the coming shadows of the solemn night.

P. L.

Philadelphia, August, 1855.

RAIL-WAY ‘SMOKING-CARS.’—The subjoined may literally be considered ‘*The Pursuit of Smoking under Difficulties.*’ Aside from the graphic description of a common want in our popular vehicles of public travel, it embraces a matter which demands the heedful attention of the ‘governors’ thereof. Does even any anti-smoker suppose that it is really the duty, or for the interest of our rail-road companies to deprive at least twenty per cent. of their male passengers of what, to them, is at all times almost a necessary luxury, and particularly so while travelling on a long and toilsome journey—often-times, too, with no companion but their segar, to while away the tedious hours? Could they not afford to give us a little corner in the baggage-car, where a few gentlemen, of kindred tastes, might congregate, and hold genial converse, and blow a mutual cloud together? Would it be too much, indeed, if we were to ask them to set apart a good respectable smoking-car, with easy seats—such a car, in short, as does present honor to the thoughtful consideration and liberality of the ‘Buffalo and New-York City’ and ‘New-York and Erie’ Rail-roads? Passengers, ‘lovers of the weed,’ so situated, would remain quietly in such cars, leaving the occupancy of others to other travellers. We have not the slightest doubt that one car in six, of every regular passenger-train, would be filled with gentlemen of kindred mind with our correspondent. He himself goes so far as to say that he would be willing, while journeying, to pay ten per cent extra-price for the quiet enjoyment of his vaporous solace. ‘Some of the most important enterprises,’ he goes on to say, ‘in which I have ever been engaged, (and few, let us add, have been *more* important, at least in our own State,) have been suggested, examined, and mentally matured, in a smoking-car, while travelling on the rail-road.’ A smoking-car should be a *permanent* fixture in every rail-road train. We have lately had occasion to remark that they are very scarce on our western roads. It is our firm belief that rail-road superintendents could do nothing that would add so effectually to the popularity of their roads, as a little more ‘catering’ to the tastes of this large portion of the travelling community. But to our correspondent:

‘AFTER eating a hearty dinner, I took, as has been my custom for many years, a good segar, and proceeded to find a convenient place upon the train, where I could contemplate the delightful scenery, and at the same time enjoy the soothing influ-

ences of the much-abused weed; but what was my surprise to encounter upon the platform at least a score of gentlemen, each with a lighted segar, running to and fro in search of the same desirable place. We were told, upon inquiry, that there was no smoking-car upon the train, and that if we wished to indulge in the 'vile practice,' we must do so at our own risk upon the platform of the cars. Having formed a slight acquaintance with the baggage-master, and fancying that I had made a favorable impression upon his mind, and that he would do every thing in his power to accommodate a 'good smoker,' I waited until the bell was ringing and the conductor shouting, 'A-l! a-board!' and then stepped to the baggage-car and placed one foot therein; but while hauling in the other, I was rather sternly informed by my supposed friend that no one was allowed in the baggage-car. I remonstrated imploringly; but 't was of no use.' A brilliant idea here occurred to me; and with great complacency, accompanied by one of my most winning smiles, I pulled out a Havana, and offered it to the baggage-master. This evidently staggered him, and I have ever since been haunted by his look, which indicated the fierce struggle going on within, while endeavoring to withstand manfully the bribe which I was base enough to offer him; but he soon rallied, and with stern and solemn dignity pointed to a paper posted upon the side of the car, and said: 'It can't be done, Sir; do you see those *regulations*? — if I violate them, I shall lose my place. Very sorry, very sorry; fond of smoking myself; pity you sincerely, but allow me to inform you that the train is in motion, and you had better find another place, or you will be left.' I proceeded at once to act upon his suggestion, and with his assistance, regained the platform. As the train slowly passed, I endeavored to obtain a footing upon the car-platforms, but found them crowded by gentlemen, who had, during my unsuccessful negotiation with the baggage-master, taken possession of them for the same purpose. Car passed after car; the motion of the train was rapidly accelerating; and I thought the chances were decidedly in favor of my enjoying a quiet smoke upon the station-platform after the train had left. As the last car was passing, however, a gentleman very kindly offered me his hand, and succeeded in pulling me over a pile of baggage upon the steps of the car. After adjusting my hat, and making my position as secure as possible, by holding with both hands to the railing, I proceeded to enjoy my segar, surrounded by a cloud of dust and cinders, which penetrated into the innermost recesses of my eyes and hair, to say nothing of my new 'GENIN' and span-new shirt, purchased for the occasion. Presently, however, the conductor made his appearance in the door, and sung out: 'Please walk inside, gentlemen; passengers are not allowed to ride on the platform.' We remonstrated *en masse*, but he quietly pointed to the plate upon the door, and said: 'You see the *regulations*, gentlemen; they *must* be enforced.' There being neither time nor place for successful argument or remonstrance, I surrendered, and threw to the winds my much-coveted 'Regalia.' On arriving at my seat, I found it occupied by a brace of ladies, who had got in at the last station; but as they were 'only going fifty miles,' I concluded to stand at the door of the car and take a *retrospective* view of the road and country, rather than to make myself ridiculous and the aforesaid ladies unhappy, by appealing to the conductor for a reinstatement in supposed rights.'

Now we have many brother-Editors, who often travel over rail-roads, and who love to 'blow a cloud' in quiet, while journeying. What say you, gentlemen: shall there be a smoking-car on every rail-road? 'Those in the affirmative, 'Yes:.' contrary, 'No.' The 'ayes' have it. Let the order be entered. A vermillion edict. Respect this.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Have we a philosopher among us?' If you permit us to include as 'among us' the citizens of 'Volcano California,' we 'answer boldly in the negative, that we *have*,' in the person of Professor HORN, of 'Volcano California,' who has just given to the world his '*Examiner into the Laws of Nature*,' a copy of which now lies before us. He tells us, in his preface, that the 'introduction to the people of his work is principally intended for the benefit of those who have not examined much into the laws of nature, and who have not made use of a variety of galvanic and other experiments; and *more especially for the benefit of children!*' To show how the style of Professor HORN sussurates with pellucid liquidity, and is therefore a very model '*for children*,' we quote a few passages from his learned work:

'From examining into the external organization surrounding the surface of the earth, we find that there are fixed laws created within the physical organization to bring on periods of changes. Said changes appear approaching toward perfection. By tracing some of said causes to the present period, we learn that all animated nature has undergone changes. From said changes, said cause so existing in and among men, has been so changed from time to time that it is difficult for one to become acquainted with said cause. Man can only become acquainted in said existing poisonous cause in and among man, in all its branches, from tracing said effects to causes up to the present period, as before said. . . . I believe a general knowledge of said cause so existing in and among men, that man will greatly diminish said cause so existing in and among men; and the effects that must follow from so diminishing said poison, must be beneficial results flowing therefrom.' . . . 'So of the growth of wheat: when said grains become composed in said heads and perfected, said two statues, male and female, remained in said grains until the next planting time, if said grains did not become decomposed from some cause. When said wheat-stalks and head were perfected, the power of affinity which compose said stalks and head through said liquid formation, and holds said stalks together in forms and shapes, and said stalks were strong and tough, the power of affinity existed the greatest in said stalks and heads. What effects followed said wheat-stalks, heads, and grains? When said liquid circulation within said stalks and heads ceased circulating, the power of affinity commenced decreasing, and said stalks commenced losing their power and strength gradually, as said power continued diminishing within; and by the time said power ceased holding said stalks together in form and shape, said parcels within had composed said stalks, and occupied the same position in parcels as they did when said formation commenced. Said grains, when perfected and become hard and somewhat solid, said power of affinity existed the greatest in some grains, and if left subject to said law, undergoes the same process as said stalks did.'

We should be glad to follow our author in his learned consideration of the 'formation of the earth and seas,' and his mode of 'decomposition of said water contained in said seas,' into the fine 'parcels' that they occupied previous to the *formation* of said seas, but our limits forbid. The high scientific attainments of Professor HORN, and the celebrity to which he must inevitably attain, must be our apology for offering a passage from his personal history:

'THE author of this work is in and about five feet and five inches tall; possessed of dark brownish hair and eyes; a projecting forehead over his eyes; *rather flat on the top of his head*; and has been a subject to a crook in one of his fingers on his right hand, the second finger from the thumb, at the first joint from the nail, crooking toward the thumb; and weighs in and about one hundred and twenty pounds.

'My mother did inform me that I was born in Northampton county, and State of Pennsylvania, February 18th, 1807. And as it was my parents' lot to be poor, and to become a subject to the support of a large family, and I being the oldest of the family, and through said cause I did not receive a proper education in my youthful days. All

the schooling I did receive at different periods, did not receive one year. Notwithstanding, in the construction, form, and shape of my physical organization, was constructed organs possessed of power to create natural impressions into my mind; although said organs was merely excited into action in my youthful days, owing to said cause.

Influenced by one of said organs, later in life, said Professor was led to go to California. His luck was various. A painful climax was found in the fact, that money which he had sent home to 'the States,' through a banking-house in San-Francisco, was lost, through a failure of said house:

... 'I HAD a little money left. I did deposit said money into a banking-house, and took a check from said banking-house: and I put said check into a letter; and I put said letter into the post-office, to be sent home to my friends. The next day, it was reported through the city that said banking-house had failed. From said report, I at once became aware that said money could not reach the Atlantic States. I was grieved for a few days with sorrows; but on meditating, I at once became aware, if I did continue fretting and grieving for said disappointments, that I should soon destroy my mind, and then I must remain hopeless of ever doing any thing for myself or friends. I at once come to a conclusion, as I thought, that I was born so unlucky: and if I was born so unlucky, that there must be a sure cause for it; but why was it so, or what cause existed in me that should make me so unlucky? As I was poor all my life at home, I had come to California, and unlucky, as I thought: but said cause thereof I could not tell.'

Professor HORN went into the mines and labored three years: but said HORN still met with reverses:

'IN December, 1854, I became so reduced in means that I had but one suit of clothes, which I had on my body: my clothes became a subject to lice, and I had to suffer the torments of said lice for five days, before I could possibly raise means to buy clean clothes; and became hungry, and went into a house and did ask for something to eat, and told them that I had no money to pay for it; and said household refused in giving any thing to eat, because I had no money to pay for it.'

We present a single passage from a profound essay upon '*The Formation and Composition of the Earth, and the Laws she is a Subject to.*' It will be seen that our philosopher 'begins at the beginning':

'In describing the organization of the earth, I shall first commence on her surface, and then penetrate into her internal parts. First, the earth has an outside crust or shell, extending from her surface toward her centre, from five hundred to a thousand miles, more or less, which forms a roundish arch within her. Said outside crust or shell in its composition is of a nature like the bark of trees, and like oyster-shells, and like rocks found on her surface. Said crust or shell is the roughest and most porous on and near her surface, like trees are the most solid toward and in their centre. Oyster-shells possess the same nature. . . . It is often difficult by looking small children into their faces, to tell if they are males or females; the great distinction only develops itself in and about the time they mature. The moon is possessed of the same organization as the earth. The moon has a current of air around his or her body, but said air does not as yet carry vapor, for this reason: the moon is not as yet matured to his or her full size; and if the moon is a female, her surface cannot produce vegetation as yet. The sea is the stomach of the moon, the same as the sea is the stomach of the earth, and in its organization collects matter out of space in parcels possessed of all the different qualities and properties required to compose every separate and different internal and external organ of the moon, in the same order that animals and men receive into their stomachs liquid and all the vegetable ingredients for their entire organization. The different organs in said organization separate the different properties required to compose the different parts of the body, although all are mixed up at once in the stomach.'

The Professor has another theory, of electricity, 'positive and negative,' in the 'human specie,' by which he can detect character with unerring precision. The 'too much *caloric*' in the head of one subject mentioned below, we think should have been taken into consideration:

'I HAPPENED to be at a hotel where a number of men had collected, and by looking said men in their faces, I soon saw that said men were possessed of different temperaments; and I looked at one man, and thought, owing to his organization, that his body must contain too much electricity, and not enough of caloric: and that his head must contain too much caloric, and not enough of electricity. I asked said man if he was not a subject of exciting uneasiness at spells, and if he did not become a subject of the blues or horrors during said exciting days. He said yes. I asked him if said blues did not come on him, and he did not know how. He said yes, knowing the days of said positive periods. I referred him back to said days, and asked him if he was a subject of said blues during said days; he said yes, knowing the days of said negative period which followed. I asked him how he felt in said following days. He said that he had become in a manner relieved from said blues.'

Fervently appealed to, as 'an organ of eastern scientific opinion,' (!) to make known 'the views of Professor HORN,' we have yielded to the request. Our *own* views are 'respectfully requested.' We give them freely. We do not believe there is at this moment on the globe a really *scientific* philosopher who can in any degree *compare* with Professor HORN. Will the Professor ever visit the *Atlantic* cities? - - - A RECENT English magazine-writer, in an article which we find in the '*Albion*' weekly journal, entitled '*A Strange Temptation*,' speaks of the 'unreserve and frankness' of the English abroad. Is n't *that* a good idea? Why, a gentleman of this city, of the highest respectability, rode with his wife, an estimable and accomplished American lady, from Liverpool to London in the same compartment of the railway-car with one of these same 'unreserved and frank' Englishmen, and he only spoke once during the whole distance, and then he was forced to do it by a direct question from our friend: 'Will you have the kindness, Sir, to tell me how many miles we are from London?' '*Th-i-r-t-y*!' said he, with a drawl and a scowl—nor 'word spake he more.' No: English writers themselves admit the fact of this boorishness. Col. SLEIGH, an Englishman, has the candor to say: 'English people are generally a reserved race: they journey and commune with their own thoughts, instead of conversing with their fellow-travellers. In the old country, hauteur is often assumed from an idea that it conveys dignity and importance. To be brusque and short in your reply, is to be a man of great mark and likelihood; to be sullen and disagreeable in your deportment, is to convey to vulgar minds an impression of exclusiveness. Answer a person in England civilly, and you are at once regarded as of no account. Be snappish and imperious, and the hat is touched, and your rise in estimation.' Col. SLEIGH goes on to remark that this course had better be avoided by English travellers in America; and his journeying countrymen will find out that he is quite right. However, it is but just to admit that the English gentleman is very imperfectly represented by the great majority of *our* 'Britishers.' 'Jo'd BULL,' said the eccentric ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN to us on one occasion, 'is a doble adibal at hobe: you do d't see him over here: what you see over here is dothing but the hoofs, and hords, a'd tail: you ought to see the *whole* adibal before you dow what Jo'd BULL is!' There is a good deal of truth, we suspect, in this; for after all, 'a gentleman is of no country.' The magazine-writer to whom we have alluded, speaking of one of the Pope's officials in Rome, whom he wished to pump dry, says: 'If with me his object was 'conversation,' he certainly 'took nothing by his motion,' while I gained a good deal from *his* communi-

cations.' When you meet such a man as this, reader, fix on him a 'glassy stare,' reply to him in monosyllables, communicate nothing, and never take your eye off him. We have had experience in this kind with snobs who would pick your brains, and 'do know whereof we speak.' - - - We have received from 'Gold-Land' a pamphlet-volume, in large quarto, with flaring types, entitled '*California Visions and Realities, a Series of Poems by H. J. M.*' It is a great work; but we can only spare space for one brief extract from a 'pome' entitled '*The Lone Grave on a Mountain.*' It is very touching:

'HERE, upon this solitary mountain,
Empaled alone in his everlasting
Sleep, lies one, who seems to have had a friend;
For at his head there is a board, and at
His feet a stone. He must have been a friend,
Who that great oak, [whose hardy trunk hath borne
The change of seasons far beyond a human
Age,] hath felled, from which those pales were split
To here inclose this lonely spot. Poor, poor
Lonely corse! what sacred, silent sadness
All about thee reigns. 'Rest thou, C. L. D.,
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three,' is all
That here remains to speak of thee. Why, Man!
What brought thee here to mould? But I can answer:
That Gold!

This will do for once! - - - Our friend and contemporary, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine, sat down in his traveller's apartment at our beautiful Saint NICHOLAS Hotel the other day, and, in his clear and legible hand-of-write, 'threw off' for us the following, which he had just related with most marked effect. The types can do no justice to his *manner* of narrating the anecdote:

'Soon after JULLIEN'S return from the United States, and during the prevalence of the annual November fogs in London, he advertised a great shilling-concert at Drury Lane, the music to be selected entirely from the compositions of BEETHOVEN. I happened to be staying at FENTON'S Hotel, in St. JAMES' street, at that uncomfortable season, and my eye fell on the card in '*The Times*,' headed, in formidable capitals, '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as I was taking breakfast in the morning. There was a friend of mine some distance off, at MORLEY'S, upon whose spirits the murky atmosphere of Charing-Cross cast such a gloom that I was seriously apprehensive he might do something rash, if his motions were not carefully heeded; so, not resting content with assuring myself that he had neither strychnine nor pistols in his possession, I cast about for expedients of occupying his time agreeably. ALBERT SMITH, unfortunately, had shut up his '*Ascent of Mont-Blanc*,' and there was absolutely nothing in the way of evening amusement anywhere in the region of the West-End; so that I gladly caught at the '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as a capital way of disposing of at least one evening. My friend reluctantly consented to go; and after a dark and adventurous drive through the narrow streets leading to Drury-Lane, we were set down at the door of that famous establishment.

'On entering, we found the house very densely crowded. The shilling ticket had called out the *hoi polloi* in heavy force. We had not made the circuit of the lobby, however, when we saw an announcement posted on the wall, that, 'in consequence of unavoidable circumstances, unnecessary to mention,' the BEETHOVEN

Festival was postponed until the following week; and that in lieu of the programme for that occasion, the audience would be entertained with some of the eminent *maestro's* latest musical ebullitions, among which, the 'Inkermann Quickstep,' the 'Alma Quadrille,' the 'Balaklava March,' and the 'Crimea Schottische' testified the ready genius of the artist.

'After a while JULLIEN appeared, in all the glory of his buttony waistcoats and elaborate shirt-bosoms; and having smoothed out the last wrinkle in his primrose kids, brought down his *baton* for the start, with that easy and assured consciousness of victory which the sovereigns of Europe and the sovereigns of America have been equally lost in admiring. Alas! he little knew what troubles he was about to encounter! The instruments had accomplished but a bar of the music, when there arose a multitudinous din from boxes, gallery, and floor, which drowned every note, from flute to ophicleide, and rendered farther progress impossible. JULLIEN—what did he? Bidding the music cease, by a flourish of the *baton*, he threw an appealing glance at the audience, and order was restored, as he vainly thought, once for all. A minute elapsed, and off went the orchestra again, but only to be again overwhelmed in the roar of the London *demus*. For a few moments the unequal conflict was carried on between the two opposing forces, JULLIEN, in a frantic *fortissimo* gesture, urging the performers to their loudest exertions. But they might as well have sat down under Table-Rock to play for an audience on Goat-Island. Not a drum was heard, nor a violin's note; and, struggling with his emotions, JULLIEN gave up the contest and fled. *Abiit, evasit, erupit.*

'In a short time there came out a clarionet-player, who essayed to make an apology; but the tumult deepened. After having been asked whether his mother was aware of his absence from the paternal roof, whether she had sold her mangle yet, and a thousand other somewhat discourteous questions, he retired, amidst the jeers and laughter of 'an indignant public.'

'The occasion then called for a bold step on the part of JULLIEN, and he *took* it, with the nerve of a NAPOLEON. He came forward to make a speech, and there was silence so profound that the fall of a play-bill would have been heard in any part of the house. I am sure I cannot do justice to his effort; but, as well as my memory serves me, it was *after* this manner that he spoke:

'“LADEES AND GENTILMANS: I am ver' sorry to comes before you to make ze apolo-gee, but it vas imposs' to give ze cone-cairt to-night of ze Mossieu BEETHOVEN, and for zat I av make myself von plan to give it nex veek; and I av put ze small beel in ze ouse to tell him about zat. I av sent von leetle boy to ze offeece of ze newspaper' to make ze publeek know, but ze leetle boy her'r'on back ver' queek, and zay he vos too late; ze newspaper' vos go to ze press. So I can zay mysel' to any ladee or gentilmans as vill not likes mosh ze programme for this evening, he will be so good as to give bees monees back to ze man at ze door, or take ze teeket for ze cone-cairt of ze nex' veek. And if he prefer not dat leetle ar'rangemong, he shall take his hat and go to his home.' (Here a voice from the upper gallery demanded: 'What does 'The Times' say?') 'Eh? vot for you say vot zay ze 'Times?' Do you sup-pose I am reesponzeeble for vot zay ze 'Times?' My dear zur, it has been two months ze 'Times' tell you Zebastopol vos fall. You belevez 'im, eh?'

'Here the triumph of JULLIEN was complete, as abundantly manifested in the deafening applauses of the audience, and he might have profitably concluded; but the fury of eloquence was upon him, and he proceeded:

'“LADEES AND GENTILMANS: I av just r'r'turn from ze grand Amerique, vere I av give ze grand cone-cairt from ze New-York to ze New-Orleang, and I must zay I av not

see such commosee-ong in any place in the great R'R'Republique as I av see to-night in ze grand meetropolees of ze vor'r'r'ld!'

'I need not add that such a peroration, delivered with indescribable energy and *aplomb*, brought down the house, and that the Crimean compositions were thereafter received with great enthusiasm.'

Isn't that inimitable 'French-English?' - - - THE following is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of a gifted correspondent, who has been taken too early 'hence, to be here no more.' Louisville, Kentucky, would have possessed for us an added interest, had we been aware, on our late visit to that beautiful city, of the circumstances here mentioned. 'C. C. D.,' who will accept our grateful thanks, writes us as annexed:

'A PURE spirit has gone to its reward. ISAAC A. COWLES, who has contributed some slight effusions to your Magazine, died at Syracuse, on the twenty-ninth ultimo, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was for a long period a student in the Oneida Conference Seminary, at Cazenovia; thence, after some months spent in teaching and diligent self-instruction, he went to Hamilton College, where he remained until the beginning of the present year, when he removed to Yale College, with the intention of completing his collegiate studies, and graduating at that institution. He was there only three weeks, when dyspepsia, from which he had greatly suffered, and a complication of diseases, which have proved fatal, compelled him to abandon his studies and return to his home.

'His character seemed to combine the opposite qualities of great mirthfulness and deep melancholy; these expressing themselves in an interesting variety of modifications, and at times in the strongest contrasts. Few persons could so well bear the affliction of sickness, and few, indeed, are so well prepared for the summons of the great MASTER. He had refined tastes, great fondness for social intercourse, an appreciative ear for music and much skill in its execution, and a retentive memory, well stored with beautiful thoughts and curious fancies, gathered in extensive reading. One of his favorite books, and often, I remember, his companion in summer rambles, was the little volume of poems by your brother, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, every line of which, I doubt not, he could have repeated from memory. A singular fortune took him, a few years since, to Louisville, Kentucky, near which place, on the plantation of a distinguished gentleman, whose name I do not now remember, he spent some days in familiarizing himself with the experiences of Southern life; purposing to return to the North at an early day. But his pleasing manners won for him so strongly the affection of his new friends, that they prevailed on him to take a small school, and a few music-scholars, at a generous salary, and remain with them. No period of his life was a source of more pleasure to him than the year or two spent there. His kind-hearted friends were charmed with his playful, sweet, devoted spirit, and he in turn was enthusiastic in his praises of their hospitality, wit, and good-breeding. While there, he contributed some short poems to the columns of *'The Louisville Journal,'* which were received by Mr. PRENTICE with even more than the usual favor with which he notices the productions of young writers. In publishing one piece, I remember, he said: 'We do not know who *'GEORGE LOVELAND'* (ISAAC'S *nom de plume*) is, but we do know that he is a genius.' This was a beautiful description of an old man reflecting on his past life, and his solitary condition; but, unfortunately for me, I do not recollect a line of it at present. Very nearly in the same spirit was a fine poem written for New-Year's

day, 1853, by request of Mr. PRENTICE, and well meriting the complimentary manner in which it was introduced to the readers of the *'Journal.'* Is not this an affecting picture?

“We draw around the old familiar hearth,
Where we have gathered in the days of yore;
But some are gone who mingled in our mirth —
Their beaming smiles are bent on us no more:
And as remembrance fills the vacant chair,
We mutely gaze upon each other there.

“Sometimes we start to hear the well-known words,
On which we loved to dwell in olden times,
Of those we lost, who went, like autumn-birds,
Winging their way to calmer, brighter climes:
But ah! we only start and list in vain —
We shall not hear them on the earth again.

“Where have they gone? oh! whither have they fled?
Ask of the clouds that sweep above their graves,
Ask of the winds that moan around their bed,
Or the low voices of the chanting waves.
Whither? alas! to us 't is only known
That they were with us once, but now are flown.

“Yon silvery moon trims her bright lamp on high,
And pours her sweet effulgence o'er the earth;
The stars, undimmed, wheel through the vaulted sky,
And rise and set, as at their time of birth:
But in the spirit's west, the stars that set
Return no more to shine on our regret.”

ISAAC's compositions were grave and gay, pensive and mirth-provoking, by turns. Some were exceedingly humorous, even to burlesque and extravagance. I am not aware that he had decided on any profession or pursuit, other than that of his father — agriculture — which, with educated skill and taste, might, as he thought, be ennobled with the dignity of a science.

Finally, my dear Sir, I beg you will pardon this long but heart-prompted letter, for the sake of his memory who was one of my truest friends, and one of your warmest and most affectionate admirers. c. c. d.’

‘Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.’ - - - ‘WHAT you say, in your *‘TABLE,’* (writes our friend and correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,) as to CHANTREY's opinion of the genuineness of SHAKSPEARE's bust on the Church of Stratford upon Avon, reminds me of a circumstance which bears out your assertion. The late GEORGE BULLOCK, of London, (who built the Egyptian Museum, in Piccadilly,) took the trouble, many years ago, of going down to Stratford, in company with JOHN BRITTON, the antiquarian, for the express purpose of taking a cast of SHAKSPEARE's monument. Shortly after this was done, a party assembled to breakfast, at BULLOCK's, to discuss (as well as the meal) the merits of the Monument, of which several *fac-simile* repetitions had been made, with a view to public sale. CHANTREY, the sculptor, was there, accompanied by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, the poet, his right-hand man. Here, also, was BRITTON, *petit* and lively; and I was present, under the shadow of his wing. Sir WALTER SCOTT was in London at the time, and joined the party. I recollect a great deal of the conversation, but two points particularly: CHANTREY, on carefully examining the bust,

said: 'This must be a resemblance of SHAKSPEARE. In the very early part of the seventeenth century, when he died, there was no sculptor in England capable of making such a bust as this, in the usual manner in which such things are done. If there were, so rude was the art in this country at the time, that I am persuaded he would not have preserved the individuality which these features exhibit. In every man's face, there is some difference between the right side and the left. You can clearly distinguish it here. A sculptor of the time would scarcely have noticed it, and if he did, would probably have considered it a defect, to be softened down. I judge, therefore, that this bust was copied from a cast taken after SHAKSPEARE died, and that the man who cut it did no more than faithfully follow the copy he had before him.' SCOTT said there was ingenuity and probability in the conjecture, but what puzzled him was the unnatural length of the upper lip. 'That,' said CHANTREY, 'proves the fidelity of the portrait. No sculptor would have *invented* what certainly gives a peculiar and marked character to the face. But, Sir WALTER,' he added, 'the Duke of WELLINGTON's upper lip is quite as long as that of SHAKSPEARE, and I suspect that your own is also as long.' He applied a pair of compasses to measure the length of SCOTT's upper lip, and amid much laughter, pronounced that it exceeded SHAKSPEARE's by what sculptors call a line and a half. If you examine good portraits of WELLINGTON and SCOTT, you will find that CHANTREY was correct. - - - OUR distinguished Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL's knowledge is exhaustless. Who have we in all this Great Metropolis, not to say 'ger-reat *ked'ntry*,' except the PROFESSOR, who could have written the subjoined? We venture to say, 'Narry one.' Observe, if you please, his style of argument, in the matter and instances of inverted 'cause and effect'—that bugbear of science. These present no difficulties to one who never fails to satisfy his own 'cravins for siance.' Listen to '*De Almanack*':

'Some ob you may tink it am too much for me wid de gebometer at 900, but we shall see.

'Some ob you too, I see smile, and work up your eyebrows, and make knowing faces at me, as if de subjic was too uninteresting to be worthy a place in de struggle ob my cumpus, but all sich will sing a different tune before I'm done, or else I'll gub up lecturing and turn clam-peddler.

'In de fust place fustly: What am de Almanack?

'In de second place secondly: What does it tell about?

'In de fird place firdly: Who made it?

'And de fofr place fofrly: What would we do widout it?

'*Now* Ize gwane to tell you, look out! When Adam was placed in de garden ob Paremidge, in all de refulgent glory ob a he-model artist, how would he hab none it was January 1st, year one, if it hadn't a been for de Almanack? He woodent a none wonder it was July or January from de climate in dat lubly country. So you see de use ob de Almanack begin wid Adam, an it hab stuck to mankind eber sense. Again, How cood you tell when it was Sunday morning, (recollect a dirty shirt won't always do it, for in dese meltin times and beated terms, a shirt siles berry easy in tree days,) widout de Almanack in New-York. Will eny external sights about de city do it? No. Am not de rum-shops, de Dutch groceries, de 'potecary shops, de root-beer shops, de barber shops, and all Chatham street, open jis de same dat day as eny odder? How, I ax you, woud you tell Sunday from eny odder day if it wusent for de Almanack? I defy you to Jo it! Some may say dey can tell it by de ringing ob de church bells. Oh! but, my tens, how woud de church bells know when to ring if it wusent for de tex? Dat's a clincher!

'Widout de Almanack de young farmers woodent know how to sow his wild oats and, odder tings, nor de ole farmer when to plant corns, nor woud he know when to cut de grain, and pick de apples and plumbs. De sun woodent know when to get up in de

morning, and wood be rising in de middle ob de nite; nor de stars know when to strike a light at de gates ob heaben. De ole silwer moon, too, which hab set haff de young folks as mad as canine dogs in dog-days, woodent no more know when to shine dan a pig knows why he am happy when he am scratched wid a rake. Folks woodent know when to make fires in de parlor, nor to put on furs. De tides woodent know when to rise or fall, and hence you woodent know when to go swimmin' in short, we woodent know nuffin. Would you know how to take grease out ob silk—iron rust out ob linen—how to make sour crab-apples into sweetmeats? Go to de Almanack, dat will tell you. Hab you got de toofake? Look for a cure in de back ob dat precious book. It will tell you eberyting on earf, exceptin how to pay enormous rents, and stew clams properly; and I contend dat it am, nex to de scriptures, de most usefule book de world ebber seed, but like ebbyr ting else usefule and good, in dis world, it am put to bad use: ebbyr quack doctor in New-York prints an Almanack, and insted ob de ole land-marks, dat was de guide and safety ob de farmer, away in de back yard ob sibilisation, sich as: 'About dis time look out for squalls;' 'Thunder and lightning;' 'Snow drifts;' 'High winds,' etc.; you will see—'Take pills No. 2 to-day,' 'Mixture No. 3 afore breakfast;' 'Bitters before dinner;' 'Compound of Dr. Townsend three times a day;' and so on fruout de year—pills, plasters and poultices de year shaking round.

'Am it any wonder dat my indignashon rises like de gebometer in August, when I see sich intrusion made ob a book dat cost de anshent foolosofers so much time and trouble to fix up in a strate way? When de Almanack was fus made, it had only ten monfs in it, and ob corse folks dident lib morn haff deir days den; and dat wasent all, dey coodent fix de sun, moon, stars and tides right; dey wood rise at unseasonable hours kase time was out ob jint and not divided off in proper functions; so one day de foolosofers and siance men met (oh! if I had only libed den to hab a finger in dat pie and got in my receipt for making clam-soup,) and dey added two monfs, July, named arter Julius Caesar, my name-sake, and August, named arter AUGUSTINE, or AUGUSTUS, I forgit now which, but it don't make no odds as it am all for de best.

'Arter studyin all night, I come to dis conclushun, dat widout de Almanack dar wood be no week days, or Sundays; no morning, noon, or nite; no week, no monf, no year; and a general bust up ob all creation. De only good dat I can see wood 'cur to de poor man, wood be de fac, dat de landlord woodent know when quarter day come round, and you might fool him out ob a monf or two: but such am not de case wid Anty Clawson; she nebber read a leaf ob de Almanack nor noffin else, (for reasons ob her own,) and yet she can tell widin one day when my week's bord am due—she has two ways ob tellin it: fustly, she marks down de days wid a piece ob chalk behind de door; and, secondly, she knows when I gingle any money—kase if I got money to gingle I owe for bord, if I aint, I don't: see de inference?

'Brudder GREELEY being abroad, somebody else will haff to lead de singin. Brudder HEIDSTICK will pass round de sasser.'

An elaborate, well-reasoned lecture! - - - Just about this time, when the 'Great Snake' is disporting himself in the translucent waters of Silver Lake, '*The Yacu-Mama, a Snake-Story*,' by a new correspondent, will not be without interest:

'LIEUTENANT HERNDON, in his official report of a survey of the Valley of the Amazon, made in 1850, speaks of the Indians of the 'Lake Country,' a few miles below Yurimaguas, as having a superstition in regard to an immense serpent called *Yacu-Mama*, or 'Mother of the Waters,' which they imagine to be the guardian spirit of the waters. Lieutenant HERNDON says, 'he never saw it himself,' (which is very possible,) but gives a description written by Father MANUEL CASTRUCCI DE VERNAZZI, in an account of his mission to the Givaros and Zaparos of the river Pastaza, made in 1845. It runs as follows:

"The wonderful nature of this animal, its figure, size, and other circumstances, enchains attention, and causes man to reflect upon the majestic and infinite power and wisdom of the SUPREME CREATOR. The sight alone of this monster confounds, intimidates, and infuses respect into the heart of the boldest man. He never seeks or follows the victim upon which he feeds; but so great is the force of his inspiration, that he draws in with his breath whatever quadruped or bird may pass him within from twenty to fifty yards of distance, according to its size. That which I killed from my canoe upon the Pastaza, (with five shots of a fowling-piece,) had two yards of thickness and fifteen yards of length; but the Indians of this region have assured me that there are animals of this kind here of three or four yards diameter, and from thirty to forty long

These swallow entire hogs, stags, tigers, and men with the greatest facility: but by the mercy of PROVIDENCE, it moves and turns itself very slowly, on account of its extreme weight. When moving, it appears a thick log of wood, covered with scales, and dragged slowly along the ground, leaving a track so large that men may see it at a distance, and avoid its dangerous ambush."

'Please to 'phanzy the pheelinks' of a timid young man within the 'twenty to fifty yards' *inspiring distance of a snake twelve feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty in length!*

'The 'Sea Serpent' is n't worth mentioning, and it altogether beats the wonderful *Joint Snake* I heard of in one of the Western States, said to have the power of separating itself into several parts, and afterward uniting again at its pleasure. About that joint-snake, 'thereby hangs a tale':

'A 'stranger' was describing the wonderful powers of this 'pizing sarpien't to a knot of individuals congregated 'somewhere out West.' They listened with open eyes and mouth agape with astonishment at the startling account. But the assurance that it could separate itself 'clean apart in five or six places,' and 'come together agin as slick a j'int as ever you see,' was a little too much to believe all at once. As a public speaker once remarked, they 'doubted the fact,' and intimated as much.

'That's so, I've seen it,' quietly remarked a very honest and innocent-looking hoosier, who stood by.

'Sho! ye don't say so! Tell us about it, won't ye?' exclaimed two or three in a breath.

'Wall, I do n't mind tellin',' said the hoosier. 'Yer see, I was comin' 'long the edge of the perayre one mornin', down in Indyanner, when, fust I know, I come across one of these 'ere j'int-snakes, as they call 'em, a great nice feller, stretched out in the sun as pooty as ever you see. I did n't scare him, but jest stepped back a little ways, and cut a saplin' about four feet and a half long, and trimmed it out slick with my jack-knife. Thinks I, old feller, I 'll find out pooty quick how many j'int's you got in yer. So I stepped up kinder softly, and hit him a right smart lick across his back, and by thunder ——!'

'Did he come apart? What did he do then?' asked the listeners, very much excited.

'Why, he flew into more'n forty pieces! and I'll be doggoned if every dernel one of 'em did n't take right after me!'

Rather 'hard story' that! - - - READ '*Harfang on Birds*.' He worthily opens the present number. Our OWL looks down approvingly from the mantel-piece. He feels that after all there are appreciative and kindred minds in the world, and that HARFANG'S is of them. And what a noble tribute he pays to our national bird — the EAGLE! We could not choose but think of it the other day, when we stopped in at ARCHIE GRIEVE'S, in Chambers-street, to get a tasteful collar for our handsome and graceful greyhound — a present from an esteemed friend and Rockland neighbor. There we saw two EAGLES: one in a small cage, standing upon the ground; the other in a somewhat longer and broader prison; but both pining for freedom, and evincing the most supreme disgust at their situation: 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' among sick monkeys, rheumy-eyed dogs, of high and low degree, misanthropic ourang-outangs, growling young tigers, and two crocodiles in wooden box-troughs, wheezing and blowing — a 'windy suspiration

of forced breath' that sounded precisely like the puffing of the high-pressure engines of steamers on the Ohio river. Oh! it was *too* melancholy to see that noble GOLDEN EAGLE, instead of the free air of heaven, inhaling the mingled odors of tigers, monkeys, puppies, whelps, and hounds, and countless coops of unclean birds, stalking restlessly about, looking up to the top of his cage with his eyes of fire, and ever and anon raising his broad wings, as if to plume them for distant flight! We thought of his noble counterpart, as pictured by CAMPBELL:

'He clove the adverse storm,
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads:
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop! Then up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head, to look behind him, or
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying heaven itself.'

What a picture! what a contrast! - - - Our friend Mr. WAGSTAFF, the gifted editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff* and *Independent Echo*,' (a journal which has only been suspended 'for a season,') has been visiting the Great Cataract at Niagara. He writes to us as follows from the Clifton-House, Canada side: 'I Been here five days, and had a gelorious timet. I thought I'd take the Brittish side for once't. There is more water seen from here, and less brag abeout it besides. It is supple-ended to the sight, but for the stomach, what little is uset for that porpoise brings on the Diary; but they qualify with a view to that fact, and prevent the overflow in the human system. The outflux of the lakes produces, if it be uset by way of drink, a flux into the body, by codnesequencet of the too great projectile capability of the aqueous fluid hereabout. No person in travellink to the great West can be too keerful about his water. He must use it and not abuse it, for Natur has squeegeed lime into it; and lime into the Laek, or lime into the punch, or lime into the water, 's all's one. *Sallsome*, any how. I spent this afternoon on Goat Island, among the greatest bobbery of rainbows, thunderings, frothings, prismatics, aqueducks, viaducks, (no other ducks,) islands, eyelets, and the rock where AVERY split, that Natur, in her most wiolent contortions, almost anywhere ever any time did, some how or other, appears to me kind of seem to cut up! She certingly puts her shef-dooover foot forward in this place. Not in wain: nothink is in wain. Oh! what a good time I had, wandering about in the solemnity of that grand Druid wood! I see several goats and one ass.' No doubt: we saw two or three while *we* were there; and one especially who 'could n't be bought at *any* price,' so highly did he hold himself. But he 'was n't worth much, after all.' Who *can*

be worth much who 'puts on airs' in the great presence of Niagara; a place that dwarfs the mightiest of men! - - - We have 'laughed consumedly' over a Prospectus sent us from New-Orleans, for the '*United Merchants' General Factory for the Delivery of Prints at Domicil*,' in other words, a letter and circular city-dispatch! How characteristically magniloquent is the intensely French-English of this prospectus, may be gathered from the following. He wants to know, in the first place, whether New-Orleans hasn't business enough to support such an agency:

'Has not its population reaches enough an important number? — does not concurrence hold as elsewhere, the first degree? Is it not abound every day by a considerable number of foreigners?

'Therefore it is with the greatest confidence that I have announced to the public my intention of establishing in New-Orleans an administration of distribution of prints at domicil, in the same manner as those of Paris and London. A few words shall be sufficient, I doubt not, to attract the general sympathy upon me, because the use of such an undertaking and the important services which it is called to render to the whole population, will be soon acknowledged by her.

'Before this, when a merchant had some circulars, catalogues, or cards printed, he was often very embarrassed to have them forwarded to his clients: now that difficulty is subdued, etc.: by applying to the administration, the merchant may be certain that his prints will be distributed or carefully delivered at domicil, with dispatch, and by means of a short fee.

'It is the same manner for letters of death, letters of convocation, bills in writing, hand-bills of spectacles, ballots of election, etc.; as a bound complement, a printing-office being attached to the establishment, it will be very easy for me to execute orders in the shortest possible delay. There is another point upon which I cannot call the better attention of the public. I mean to speak of the collect of funds: my factors, as I have already said, leave the administration three times a day: their service compel them to go through the city in every way, and it may be said, at every hour of the day. I suppose that a merchant had a hundred invoices to collect, and that he is in need of his funds for the same day, he has only to apply to the factory. This effect, whose difficulties I intend to level, had always been very agreeable and expensive for the trade, and very often the usual collectors, notwithstanding their good will, could not satisfy certain exigencies dictated by useful and imperious wants.'

This beats the great 'Siccative.' - - - In going from Jeffersonville, Indiana, to Seymour, (named after our departed friend, the late H. C. SEYMOUR,) there was little to attract us, save 'stations' without houses, and places without inhabitants. Yes, by-the-by, there *was* one thing that attracted admiring attention, and is worthy of especial mention. All along the whole line of the road were BLACKBERRIES — ripe, luscious, melting; overhanging all the banks — enough to supply even our Great Gotham for a twelve-month. We saw, *then*, where the splendid berries came from that graced and enriched the tables of Cincinnati and Louisville. But we are on the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, with our faces toward the great metropolis of Ohio, and 'hastening thitherward.' - - - CERTAIN members of a certain 'Half-dozen party' from the metropolis, who accompanied us from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' to Rockland Tower, the other afternoon, strayed on their way into by and forbidden paths, through individual obstinacy and conceitedness; and although to memory dear, they were presently lost to sight. What was to be done? It would never do to lose the glorious sun-set view from the Tower: the great orb of day was drawing about him the gorgeous curtains of his evening tent; and no time was to be lost. WE, the counsellor and guide, had been left comparatively alone, in 'the right way' — deserted by our companions. Some were wandering among the tombs of the circumjacent 'Rockland Cemetery:' the feet of others were

stumbling on a dark mountain near by, clad in thickest foliage, and only lighted up by the small, bright tin-pails, which the United States Coast Surveyors, employed and paid by our common 'UNCLE SAMUEL,' had erected upon long poles thereon, as beacons. 'At this crisis,' as Mr. G. P. R. JAMES would be most likely to write, 'a person, an individual, indeed, we might go so far as to say, that a man,' took from his mountain-coat pocket a singular-looking instrument, which seemed, at the first glance of the eye, to possess musical properties. 'It *did that*.' It was the '*Swinette-à-Pist'on*.' We never knew the extent of the powers of 'The Swinette' before. We blew a blast upon it. It awoke the very echoes beyond the Tappaan-Zee. We

— 'BLEW both loud and shrill,
And all our bold com-pà-nions
Came skipping o'er the hill,'

and we forthwith addressed ourselves to our journey to 'THE TOWER!' Of what we then and there saw, shall not there something be said or written by 'some of us' hereafter? - - - THE trees begin to put on their many-colored hues, in all the region round about: and as we write to-night, we hear without the moaning of the Autumn wind. 'Mournful, oh! mournful' is that solemn sound! We have been, half-unconsciously, repeating the ensuing lines, written twenty years ago for this Magazine, by one 'too early called away.' Pardon its reproduction here. We have fifty thousand readers *now*, who were not our readers *then*, and they, at least, will be glad to read it. Place it to the account of weakness, if it must needs be so, but we have never found it possible to read the poem without tears:

'October.'

BY THE LATE LAMENTED WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

'SOLEMN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

'Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze:
O visions bright! O blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers —
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

'I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold —
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

'When Spring's delightful moments shone,
 They came in zephyrs from the West;
 They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
 They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
 Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
 They lingered in the forest shade;
 But changed and strengthened now, they beat
 In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

'How like those transports of the breast,
 When life is fresh and joy is new;
 Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
 And transient all, as they are true!
 They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
 Which Hope about her forehead twines,
 Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe;
 Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

'Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!
 What gloom about our way they fling!
 Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
 The burial pageant of the Spring.
 The dreams that each successive year
 Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
 At last like withered leaves appear,
 And sleep in darkness side by side.'

'They are gone — they have all passed by!' - - - PRIVATE theatricals, among the highest classes, are becoming very popular in England, and have brought out, as amateur actors, some of the brightest intellects in Great-Britain. Hereabout, we understand, a similar success attends kindred performances. Last spring, at Cincinnati, an '*Amateur Dramatic Festival*' was held for the benefit of the poor, which netted over five thousand dollars! A friend of ours, and a good theatrical critic, told us that he had very rarely seen a better HAMLET than was that of Mr. CHARLES ANDERSON, an accomplished gentleman of high standing in Cincinnati, on this occasion. His movements were graceful, his bearing self-possessed, his action natural and energetic, and his voice well-attuned to the character. In the library scene from '*The Iron Chest*,' Mr. CHARLES BARRAS, of Cincinnati, won the most enthusiastic applause. 'It was,' said our friend, 'in every sense, the performance of a finished actor.' And this we can well believe. It was our good fortune to meet with Mr. BARRAS, at a social gathering of gentlemen, and to hear him in one or two admirable vocal imitations and recitations; and we candidly confess that, in rendering one of the former, his 'power of face' exceeded even BURTON'S, when he convulses his audiences with the pathetic ballad of '*Villikens and his Dinah*.' At the close of Mr. BARRAS' performance, on the occasion to which we have alluded, he was loudly and enthusiastically applauded; and he responded to the call by appearing before the curtain, and delivering, in the most inimitable style, the following satire upon the ridiculous pretension, inordinate vanity, and pompous self-sufficiency of some of those would-be dramatic luminaries who attempt to foist themselves upon managers and the public. We quote from the Cincinnati '*Commercial*' daily journal:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To say that I am dissatisfied with the manner in which I have been received by you this evening, conveys but a faint idea of my feelings. Having, with that princely liberality and self-sacrificing spirit for which I am proverbial, made a gratuitous tender of my transcendental shape and talent, by which act this occasion has been made to assume a dignity and importance which otherwise it could not possess, it was but just and reasonable on my part to an-

ticipate, on my entrance to the stage, at least nine cheers from the audience, and a triumphal march from the orchestra. That this expectation has not been realized, I need n't remind you. Nay, even my modest anticipation that I should be encored at the end of every other sentence, and thus prolong indefinitely your pleasure, has been doomed to disappointment. It was my intention, instead of giving you only one scene of this play, to have favored you with its continuance up to the catastrophe, and, in the death-scene, although the author vaguely intimates that the hero is to die but once, it was my intention to have died half-a-dozen times, if you had desired it, and each time I purposed making my spasmodic action different, thereby giving a practical demonstration of the varied effect upon the nervous system, of the different diseases to which poor vulnerable humanity is subject in this climate.

'Even in the most affecting part of the scene, when I myself came near suffocating from the inward pressure of conflicting emotions, upon glancing toward the boxes, in order to ascertain what effect I had produced, to my great humiliation and mortification, I discovered one gentleman stolidly engaged in reading the advertisements in a newspaper, and three ladies sympathetically munching roasted pea-nuts.

'Now, from what springs this manifest indifference? It springs from one of two causes: either the seeds of non-appreciation have been sown broad-cast over the land, or there is in existence a well-organized combination to crush me! That one or the other of these causes *does* exist, I am convinced, from the circumstance of my having applied to Mr. BATES (the manager) for a brief engagement of five hundred nights, and offering to take the entire gross receipts of each night's performance as payment for my services, which Mr. BATES, actuated by some, to me, secret influence, declined. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the manager told me, in plain and unmistakable language, that he would n't do it!

'If the object of these persecutions is to crush me, I may as well state here that it *has* failed, and ever *will* fail; for I draw that consolation from *my own* consciousness of my merit, which, through a lack of discernment, proper appreciation, or something *worse*, on your part, has been denied me here. I leave you to your reflections!'

A friend, to whom we read this speech the other evening, informed us that it was a most 'palpable hit.' 'There was a burst of uncontrollable merriment,' said he, 'at the close of every sentence, and at the conclusion, the applause was tremendous.' - - - The corner-stone of the '*Rockland County Female Institute*' was laid the other day at Nyack, in the presence of a 'great cloud of witnesses.' The address of Hon. HUGH MAXWELL was an eloquent and every way admirable and appropriate effort. The proceedings were terminated by a dinner at SMITH's (late of the Brooklyn 'Globe' Hotel,) where were much congratulation and some good speaking, by Colonel PYE, Mr. FERDON, Rev. Mr. WEST, of Piermont, and others. The following is now 'in order:'

'MR. SIMON V. SICKLES, a native of Rockland county, prompted by a laudable American enterprise, sought in early life the improvement of his condition, as an adventurer at the 'sunny South.' Having been prospered in business far more than in health, he has devoted himself for several years past to the recovery of the latter, by foreign travel and comparative retirement from the anxieties and cares of business life. The subject of Female Education, especially in the solid and substantial acquirements which are appropriate to the mothers and guardians of early youth, has long been a favorite one with Mr. SICKLES. About a year since he made the generous proffer of a splendid lot containing about four acres, with water front, situate a little south of Nyack Village, (commanding a view of the Tappan-Zee, with its variegated border of thriving villages, fruitful fields, and lofty mountains,) to the Executive Committee of '*The American Woman Educational Association*' for a female college. As their chief aim, however, pointed more westward, where they have already two enduring monuments of their benevolent enterprise in the female colleges of Milwaukee and Dubuque; and as their Association, in common with every other department of Christian benevolence, was not free from the pecuniary pressure of the times, they could give no very early promise of a similar Institute at Nyack.

'At this juncture Rev. Mr. VAN ZANDT, pastor of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Nyack, after consultation with Mr. SICKLES, and deliberate consideration, volunteered his services to ascertain what could be accomplished for female education in Rockland, on the basis of a joint-stock company. After carefully selecting the men, and preparing the way for a private meeting for the purpose of forming a nucleus, such a meeting was called on the 9th December of last year; about fifteen gentlemen were present. Mr. SICKLES was called to the chair, and Mr. VAN ZANDT appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was stated by the Secretary, and warmly entertained by the meeting. A Committee was raised to report rules and regulations for the proposed Institution. These were reported and adopted; a Board of Trustees

was constituted; an Executive Committee chosen; and nearly five thousand dollars subscribed (by the gentlemen present) toward the establishment of the Institute.

'Since then this important enterprise has steadily advanced. An amount of nearly thirteen thousand dollars has been secured, beside the lot. A suitable plan for the building has been matured, which, when completed, cannot fail to become an object both of admiration and attraction. The hope is entertained that in a few weeks the work will be under contract, and that during the coming autumn the Institute will be opened for the reception of pupils. The plan of the building, as approved by the Committee, will be one hundred feet front, on the bay, and the Piermont Road, with five stories on the former and four on the latter, and with ample capacity for one hundred boarders. The domestic arrangement and general policy of the Institute are to be similar to those of the Female Seminary at Mount Holyoke, (Mass.) Eighteen thousand dollars are already subscribed to the work.'

WE hope our esteemed friend and correspondent will pardon us for quoting so much of his private letter as relates to our mutual friend and old contributor, the author of '*The Saint Leger Papers* :'

'OUR friend ST. LEGER is breathing the pure mountain air among the Granite Hills. His summer home is on the east bank of the Connecticut, just below old Dartmouth, and near the residence of his venerable parents, where for more than a century the sturdy old oak and elm have shaded the ancestral home. Away in the distance, resting its blue peak against the sky, rises Mount Ascutney, second in height to the White Mountain range. Intervening mountains rise above the thickly-wooded hills which stretch along the banks of the Connecticut, the Muscomy, and the White rivers, which mingle their waters here. Just discernible between the trees, and in beautiful contrast with their green foliage, is the white bridge, which crosses the Muscomy. I watched the long trains of cars darting over the bridge and away among the trees, and the smoke of the locomotive rising in graceful curves until it mingled with the blue vault above. Again I looked at the mountains, the undulating fields, the rivers, the white bridge, and the green trees: and I thought, 'Truly this is a fit abode for Genius.'

'Our friends have made their summer retreat a graceful and elegant home. As you enter their dwelling you see that the hand of taste and genius has been busy there. If the forthcoming second series of ST. LEGER meet not the anticipations of its warmest admirers, we must deduce that luxurious repose drives away labor.

'There, at Lebanon you have your choice to take the morning train, at six o'clock, or the afternoon train, at two o'clock, either of which brings you down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut to New-York in just ten hours.'

We like to see genius 'well-bestowed.' - - - OUR neighbor, Colonel S —, has a glass, which reveals the other side of the Tappan-Zee to our vision as perfectly as if we were on the opposite shore, although it is full three miles from where we indite the present scriblet. And, as the orators say, 'when we take our eye and throw it' across the river, we see many things of various interest. Every day, we can discern GEOFFREY CRAYON walking along the pleasant Pocantico, that throws its clear stream into the Hudson, near the south side of his beautiful nest of refinement, 'Sunnyside,' or thoughtfully surveying his 'profane improvement,' the d — m, over which the waters pour in a sheet of translucent silver. We are not of a prying disposition, and probably it is none of our business: but we must say that the Monday's washing along the line of the Hudson River Rail-road, opposite to us, does n't reveal a very creditable state of things in the *ménage* of the millionaires who expand and burgeon upon the east bank. There are shirts along that line that require immediate attention: and there are two pairs of summer-pantaloons — it may perhaps be adscititious to allude to the fact

now, as the season is getting late — which, with all our lack of ‘worldly gear,’ we should not think of wearing in their present state. But, ‘the least said, the soonest mended.’ As we remarked before, it is none of our business. But we can’t help *seeing*, when we are looking through Colonel S ——’s matchless glass. Who was that man who got out of the cars on Saturday afternoon, at Irvington, and sent up an old black trunk to Mr. K ——’s by a red-haired porter, with a pair of ancient patent-leather boots strapped on the outside? He couldn’t have been any ‘great things.’ His hat was a very indifferent ‘tile,’ too, if we are a judge of hats. - - - Ah! ladies! — if you knew how such a tribute as the following to ‘*A Baltimore Belle at Newport*’ touches the hearts of bachelor-men, you would flirt less, flaunt less, be less affected and pretentious, and ‘more *yourselves*’ every way:

‘SHE has not the hardihood nor the style of her New-York rivals; there is less of general aspect, but far more of home-bred and feminine grace. She is thoroughly amiable; her smile is winning, her costume modest, her voice ‘gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman;’ without the mental culture of the Bostonian, or the exclusively tasteful charm of the Philadelphian, there is something more girlish, quietly cheerful and unconsciously pleasant about her. Her affability is caught from habitual intercourse with domestic characters; from truly social, friendly relations, and not from promiscuous or showy associations. She makes you think of a happy fire-side and a loving companion; you imagine her name to be MARY, and think it would be the most natural and charming thing in the world to make it your household word. She does not seem in the least ambitious or hackneyed or complacent, but altogether the most delectable of ‘human nature’s daily food,’ without the remote possibility of ever becoming either a blue-stocking, a shrew, or a strong-minded woman. In a word ‘she is *lovable*.’

This is a beautiful character. - - - PASSING down Fourth-street, Cincinnati, in the windows of an establishment like that of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway, we saw a striking portrait of a face that seemed familiar to our remembrance, ‘Who *is* that?’ we asked, of a handsome young man, smoking a segar near the door. ‘BEARD, the Artist.’ ‘Who painted it?’ ‘He did.’ ‘What! our old friend BEARD? It is a capital likeness, and a good painting.’ ‘It is so considered *here*.’ ‘Will you oblige me with a light?’ We took out a ‘BURNETT-House’ segar (find *better*, out of Cuba, if you can,) and having inquired the direction, proceeded to BEARD’s studio, a beautiful apartment, with the best of lights. It needed but a glance at his portraits to show how much he had improved upon the last painting which we had seen from his pencil in New-York. Afterward we had the pleasure to meet him, and make him acquainted with a genial but quietly-waggish friend: ‘Mr. T——, Mr. BEARD.’ ‘Yes, I *see*!’ said W. C. T., pointing to the flowing mass which depended from his cheeks and chin: ‘*Beard*, I think you said the name was.’ The hit, kindly meant, was as kindly received; and after the discussion of a Catawba-wine cobbler, (*can* there be sin in such a nectar?) ‘so it was that we departed,’ to roll a ‘three-hundred string’ of ten-pins! - - - HAVE you seen any of the ‘*Ambrotypes*’ of Mr. BRADY, the distinguished Daguerreotypist of this city? Nothing so artistic and truly beautiful has ever been seen of its kind in this country. The artist who inserts the scenery and back-grounds, in water-colors, is a most gifted and finished painter, with taste as exquisite as his touch is delicate and effective. - - - THE thermometer was at ninety-

five degrees, in the shade, at the 'Louisville Hotel,' when, in answer to the courteous card of PRENTICE, of the '*Louisville Journal*,' we sallied out with our friend M——, to beard the lion in his den. Rivers of water ran down our back, because we kept not our promise to forego stirring out until the sun had declined somewhat from the zenith. Howbeit, we went and found the EDITOR seated at the head of an oblong table, like a General directing the movements of an army; his sleeves rolled up, the perspiration pouring from his face, while he dictated to an amanuensis — the luxurious hebdomadalist! — the 'leader,' 'second column,' and incidental 'niaseries,' for the next day's '*Journal*.' Something further of this well-known journalist's history in our next, that has often made us laugh,

— 'TILL ye might see
Ye teares rolle down ye cheeke.'

It is as authentic as it is good. - - - WE are frequently asked, 'How can we get to your country quarters?' We answer: 'Two excellent and well-officered boats, the '*Isaac P. Smith*,' Captain BLANCHE, and '*The Arrow*,' Captain LIEDECKER, sail to Piermont every day; the first in the afternoon, at three o'clock, the second at eleven in the morning. - - - ANOTHER grab at 'that quarter,' from another quarter:

DANAE in her tower sat,
Unwitting what could sin do;
Why should she care, imprisoned there?
No one could scale the window.

But mighty JOVE, possessed with love,
Said: 'Let's see what can *tin* do;'
In a golden shower he pierced the tower,
And scorned both door and window.

RIP

Who holds the stake? - - - WE don't intend, by any means, to relate *all* our recent 'travel's history' this month. What 'times' we had in Ohio and in Kentucky: what we saw in returning through Indiana 'by rail' to Cincinnati: the pleasant trip we made, with most kind guidance, to Columbus, and what we saw there: our journey thence to beautiful Buffalo: thence to Niagara and the SUSPENSION BRIDGE; what we remember of numerous 'impressions by the way;' shall not all these appear hereafter? 'By the mass,' and they *shall*, 'life and health permitting.' - - - WE could have wept, if it could have done any good, when we opened the basket of peaches sent us by our obliging contemporary, Mr. GEORGE F. BROWN, Editor of the '*Alton Daily Courier*.' All were spoiled, save *one*, and that one showed us what we had lost. - - - WE have seen and heard RACHEL! And never have we seen or heard her equal. Her influence in voice, action, general manner, is simply *electrical*. You cannot describe it, and *we* shall not try. All *we* shall do, will be to go and hear her every time she performs, if we can. Our advice to all others is, to do the same.

New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

MACKENZIE'S 'BITS OF BLARNEY. — Commend us to an Irishman for a hearty appreciation of a work like this. Hear what a competent Irish critic, a country neighbor of ours, says of the book :

'THE reader who takes up this volume with the idea that its contents are exclusively 'blarney' will, we opine, be agreeably disappointed when he finds what an agreeable book Dr. MACKENZIE has given to the public. He will find a collection of sketches, including traits of the Irish people, anecdotes of rollicking boys, who lived but for fun and frolic; wild legends of the peasantry, many of them involving very good morals, pleasant stories, to while away the long evenings, and essays upon the two great Irish Publicists, HENRY GRATTAN and DANIEL O'CONNELL, the latter particularly, being the best sketch of 'Great Liberator' we have seen. It carries him from his cradle almost, to the time when, 'mid Genoa's stately palaces, on his way to the Eternal City, broken down in health, and worn away by his life-long labors, he delivered up his soul to his MAKER, his heart to Rome, and his body to his poor country, where it now rests in Glasnevin cemetery. The Doctor writes *con amore*, and he writes, too, of what he has seen and knows, and gives us no mere speculation; and hence the pleasure found in reading his books. He evidently was no worshipper of O'CONNELL, the man who, when he was reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons for charging corruption and bribery on the dominant party in the House, deliberately rose in his seat and repeated the offensive charge; but the Doctor gives us an estimate of his character which the 'Old Irelander' will, when he thinks coolly of the matter, see the justice of, and that will make 'Young Ireland' weep that such a man was so wedded to 'moral force' that he refrained from raising the cry on the Hill of Tara that would have led to Ireland's resurrection.

'Of poetry, we have 'The Geraldine.' But why call this a 'bit of blarney?' By APOLLO! the dying chief's address to his 'Younger Born,' with the latter's response, and his promise

'To win the fame that warriors win, and haply to entwine,
In other lands, some honor new round the name of GERALDINE,'

instead of betaking himself to the cloister, as laid out for him in his infant years, made our blood tingle. They are noble lines. Many a countryman of the dying chieftain yearns to see some one

'Unfurl the silken sun-burst in the noon-tide's golden shine,'

in the cause of his country against the *Sassenach*. No, no! this is no 'bit of blarney,' but a right noble ballad.

'We have also a sketch of Captain ROCK, the famous outlaw, which contains graphic descriptions of scenes in Ireland during the WHITEBOY Insurrection, together with a biography of the mysterious Captain, and the story of

'His gallantry, his glory, and his fate,'

which contains many facts interesting to those who would know of the terrible Captain ROCK, a person who at one time gave the English authorities in Ireland a great deal more trouble than they thanked him for. In fact, Dr. MACKENZIE has given us a right pleasant book, the merits of which in no wise suffer from the way in which REDFIELD has embalmed it. It abounds in anecdote, and tells us of the famous 'PROUT Papers,' which the readers of FRAZER will recollect with pleasure, and furthermore, tells of the real 'Father PROUT,' who did not write the 'PROUT Papers,' at all, at all. By-the-by, we do most respectfully call the attention of all dominies, whose 'respected' but bad-paying 'hearers' are backward in coming forward with their salaries, to Father PROUT's sermon on that all-important subject; and if the respected 'PEPPER' be yet in the land of the living, we wish him to notice the 'Pome' to

— 'a barrister of great fame,'

in the 'bit' on Irish dancing-masters.'

THE ITALIAN OPERA, at the Academy of Music, will commence the first of October, for a season of over three months. Madame LAGRANGE and the distinguished artists who accompanied

her, with others, are to appear. In addition to the more favorite Italian operas heretofore presented, MEYERBEER's operas, the 'HUGUENOTS,' 'PROPHET,' 'ETOILE DU NORD,' and other novelties are to be produced in the style which gave such pleasure to all who last season saw 'WILLIAM TELL' and 'TROVATORE.' We learn that the chorus and orchestra are to be increased, the latter under the direction of the popular MARETZKE, and that no effort will be spared to make the Academy worthy of the continued support of all who appreciate an entertainment so refined in its character, and so elevating in its influence.

CUMMINGS'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN. — CUMMINGS, the artist, opened his School of Design for the season on the Fourteenth of September. Pupils, however, may enter the class at any time. Some new arrangements are in contemplation for the purpose of giving the pupils larger opportunities in the higher branches of an artist's education. Provided the demand be sufficient to cover the necessary disbursements, classes and lectures will be established, under competent instructors, in perspective, anatomy, sculpture, and modelling, wood-engraving, architecture, and mechanical drawing, living and costumed models, or any of those departments. The skill and assiduity with which the pupils of Mr. CUMMINGS's school are instructed, lead us to hope that the opportunity for making those new arrangements will be afforded.

THE advertisement of the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION will be found on the second page of our cover. The Association enter on their second year under the most favorable auspices, and will distribute among their patrons a much larger number of paintings and valuable works of art than they did last year. Subscriptions for the KNICKERBOCKER and all the Magazines on their list are received by our publisher at 343 Broadway.

AMONG the late publications of Messrs. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, to which we hope to give more attention in future, are 'MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED,' discussing the Revelations of DAVIS; the Phenomena of Spiritualism, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Revelations of SWEDENBORG. By Rev. A. MAHAN, First President of Cleveland University. President MAHAN has paid more attention to modern spiritualism than any of our scientific men.

Also, 'CORA AND THE DOCTOR; OR, REVELATIONS OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.' We have often thought the wife of a practising physician might write an experience of surpassing interest, and we doubt not the volume before us is worthy of a wide circulation.

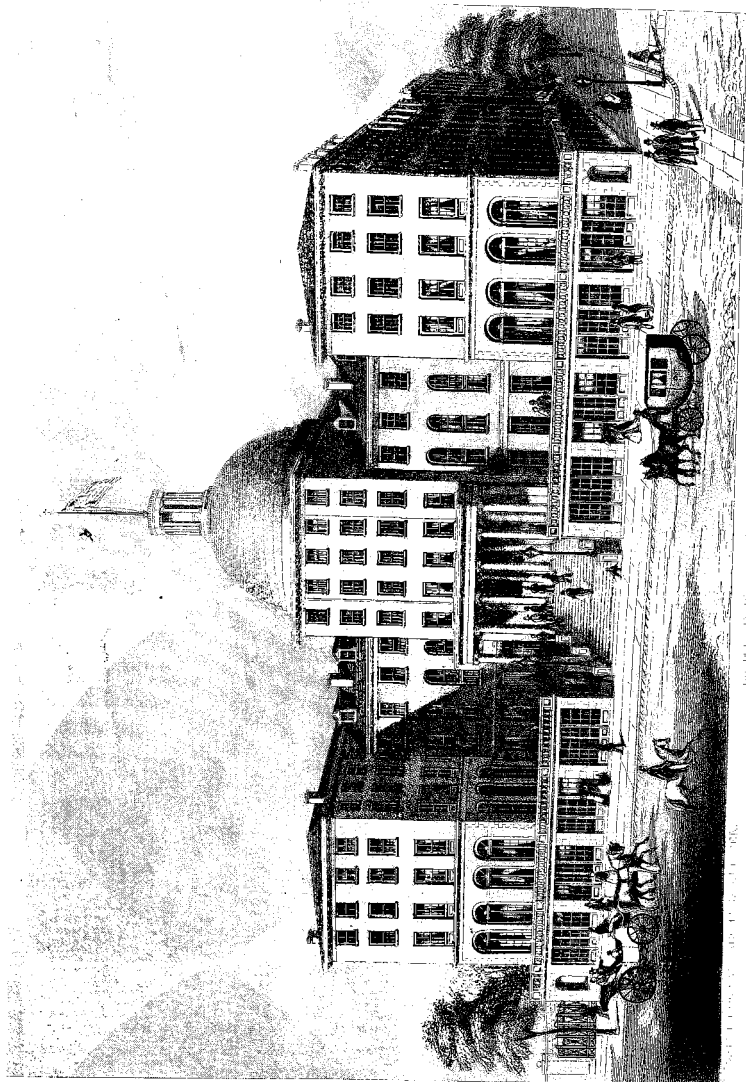
From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY we have 'JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS,' a large volume, with maps. By RICHARD HILDRETH, author of the 'History of the United States.' As a matter of course, this volume embraces all the latest information which has been obtained about Japan, and will be most welcome at this time. From the same house we have received 'LETTERS TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN JUST ENTERING UPON PRACTICE.' By JAMES JACKSON, M. D., LL. D. The high position Dr. JACKSON has so long maintained, and the easy, familiar style of these letters, will no doubt commend them to every young physician and student.

A friend writes us, that when last in Boston, he called on Messrs. PARKER, KING AND COMPANY, Cornhill, and saw there, among other beautiful works, a most pleasing picture by HALL of this city. The subject was the 'Sun-Shower,' and three lovelier female faces huddled under an umbrella, from which the rain was fast dripping, he never beheld. We will add that Messrs. PARKER AND COMPANY's establishment is similar to that of WILLIAMS AND STEVENS of this city, and they always have some fine paintings on view, well worth the attention of citizens and strangers.

FETRIDGE AND COMPANY, Franklin-Square, New-York, and Washington-street, Boston, have issued 'MOREDUN,' the *soi-disant* novel of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and the 'CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN' and 'JEALOUS WIFE.' By Miss PARDOE. All popular novels in the cheap style.

LOWNDES' PATENT PEN AND PENCIL CASE is a very ingenious, neat, and convenient article, manufactured exclusively by W. M. WILMARTH, 44, Maiden-lane, New-York.

* * * NUMEROUS excellent publications await early notice, among which are the following: 'Poetry and Mystery of Dreams,' by CHARLES G. LELAND; 'Art Hints,' by J. J. JARVIS; 'American Indicator,' by THOMAS VAIDEN; 'Learning to Talk,' by JACOB ABBOTT; 'Clouds and Sunshine,' by READE; 'Oration and Poem before the Delta-Phi Society, New-York;' 'Professor BANYARD on Collegiate Education and College Government;' 'American Journal of Education and College Review;' 'Indian Legends and Other Poems,' by MARY GARDINER HORSFORD; 'Iowa as it is in 1855;' 'History, Organization, and Transactions of the Ohio Editorial Association, 1853-4-5;' McLEE's 'Alphabets for Engravers and Painters of Letters;' TENNYSON's 'Maud,' etc.



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